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By the men . . . for the men in the service

TRACKING THE JAP

Evacuation

Before it was blasted, burned and evacuated, Kweilin airbase nestled securely in this small, green valley, guarded by jagged formations of granite roundabout.

On an alert in Kweilin's active days, GIs are ready for Japanese air raiders.

Buildings near base go up in smoke as Yanks adopt a scorched-earth defense.

# of KWEILIN

U. S. forces destroyed this airbase in southeastern China and withdrew along with thousands of civilian refugees before the advancing Jap armies.

By Sgt. LOU STOUMEN
YANK Staff Correspondent

CHINA—Only 250 miles northwest of the Jap-held port of Canton on the China Sea, in a small green valley formed by jagged outcroppings of granite rock, are the burned, blasted and evacuated remains of Kweilin airbase. Its loss, coupled with the loss of other nearby airbases of the Fourteenth Air Force, is a serious reverse for American arms. It may mean that the war against Japan will be prolonged.

Ragged and ill-equipped Chinese armies are still fighting the battle of the eastern provinces against the tanks, heavy guns, cavalry and motorized infantry of the enemy. Concrete pillboxes, manned by Chinese, have been set up in the streets of Kweilin town, and the machine guns, mortars and ancient rifles of the Chinese are deployed throughout the passes of the mountains of Kwangsi Province in southeast China.

But the forward bases of the Fourteenth Air Force have been blown up and deserted by American airmen who got out with their planes while they could. With them went any immediate hope of close land-based fighter and medium-bomber support of Allied landings from the Pacific on the China coast.

I last saw Kweilin just after the Japanese had taken Hengyang and it had begun to look as if their steam roller would soon be reaching Kweilin. The base's noncombat personnel had already been evacuated.

At that time the town of Kweilin, a few miles from the airbase, was still a quiet and pleasant place. Pillboxes had already been set up in the streets, but Chinese life seemed normal. Rickshas clattered bumpily over the cobblestones. Small bamboo-thatched boats passed up and down the narrow winding river that cuts the town in two.

Kweilin has been called the Paris of Free China, and this was not, even at that time, entirely undeserved. The atmosphere of Kweilin was pleasant and leisurely. It was still the most wide-open town in Free China. The women were gay and pretty. Mulberry wine was cheap and relatively good. And the town itself had not been bombed for more than two years.

But at the nearby airbase, GIs and officers were tired, jumpy and underweight. The strain of overwork, sleepless nights spent in caves and gun pits, repeated bombings, and food so inadequate it had to be supplemented by vitamin pills, was telling on the Americans.

Nevertheless Kweilin was still a fighting airbase. Its 75-mm cannon-packing B-25s and its beat-up P-40s were going out on as many as five missions a day against coastal shipping and against the motorized Japanese columns which had swept down through Changsha and Hengyang toward Kweilin.

THE first time I saw Kweilin airbase bombed was on a day when Fourteenth Air Force P-40s from Kweilin and other bases had been out in force against the Jap Paluchi airfield near Yochow. By luck or nice timing the P-40 flight caught a number of enemy fighters refueling on the ground and destroyed 18 of them. All P-40s returned safely.

That night the Japs struck back at Kweilin. At 1930 hours the field was quiet and heavy with moist heat. The sky was cloudless and starry. A bright half-moon hung not far from the sky's center. Some of the men were in the rec hall watching a dull movie about college football called "We've Never Been Licked." A few were already beating their sheets under mosquito nets, trying to sleep through the hot night.

Suddenly the Chinese barracks boys began pounding on copper washbasins, and from across the field came the thin wail of a siren. It was a One-Ball alert. Men assembled in small groups around jeeps. The Chinese barracks boys ran from room to room, turning off lights and rousing determined sleepers with cries of *"Jing bao! Jing bao!"* (the Chinese words for air raid).

The washbasins were banged again in a different tempo, and again the siren sounded. This was a Two-Ball alert. Jeeps took off with armed men crammed inside and sprawled over the hoods and spare tires. Most of these were men with desk or ground jobs who had volunteered to take over gun positions.

Men who had no battle stations dropped into slit trenches or took cover within natural caves in the granite valley walls. The Chinese barracks boys and mess attendants went in single file up the steep side of a mountain, and I followed. We settled ourselves under an overhanging rock near the top with a good view of the field below.

The airbase was blacked out. Moonlight shone on the runway and the roofs of the buildings. About 2000 hours a red flare came from one of the nearby hills and went up over one corner of the field. It was followed quickly by another flare from a hill on the other side and the two flares crossed in an arch directly above the field's main gas-storage area. As had happened before, Chinese traitors or infiltrated Japanese were sending up welcoming beacons for the Japanese raiders. From slit trenches, gun pits and caves Americans saw the flares and cursed. The Chinese boys on the mountain top made sorrowful tongue-clicking noises.

And now a low-pitched moaning came out of the sky and steadily increased in volume. The small guns of the field, none larger than .50-caliber, opened up, arching tracer bullets at the enemy. A few Chinese-manned searchlights flashed on, fingering the sky hesitantly and unskillfully. The valley was bright with light and echoing with gunfire. The roar of the Japanese planes sweeping low over the field became louder. A stick of bombs exploded on the runway.

The bombers flew on and there was darkness and silence broken only by an occasional rifle or carbine shot. Soldiers in the rocks and on the mountains were out hunting the Japs and traitors who had sent up the flares.

About three minutes later the bombers returned, noisy but invisible against the night sky. They came from a different direction this time,

An army of refugees all head in one direction—away from the city. Chinese civilians crowd the top of this boxcar in a train out of South Station, Kweilin

passing right over us on the mountain top. The guns and searchlights began to argue it out with them again. There were more explosions, flashes of white light and concussion waves. When the bombers left this time, four small fires were burning near the runway.

The third time the Japs came over they hit what the flares had first pointed out—a part of the field's gas supply. Orange flames rose higher than the granite mountains.

The bombers came over a fourth time and dropped their eggs on the burning gas. The blaze grew bigger and hotter and brighter until the lower half of the field was lit up as if the sun were shining on it. The bare earthy crags across the valley stood out in full detail.

The planes made a fifth pass, low and right over the fire again. Apparently they were out of bombs and only checking on their night's work, because they dropped nothing more.

For a long time nobody moved from his battle station or refuge. The column of fire, huge and hot, shot up in new and terrible billows every now and then.

When the fire had sunk to a red glow and the moon had gone down so it was not far above the mountainous horizon, the "all clear" siren sounded and a few lights blinked on about the field.

BACK in barracks with the lights on, things looked normal. Men walked and jeeped in from their stations. Everyone asked questions about the damage and argued about how many bombers had been over. Most men figured from four to 12.

S/Sgt. Burl F. Quillan of South Haven, Kans., an aircraft mechanic who had volunteered to man a .50-caliber machine gun on the field, sat on the edge of the porch smoking a cigarette, a little shaken by his experience. One bomb had landed about 100 feet from him. He had loaded and fired his gun by himself until it got too hot to handle. He said he thought he had placed a number of rounds in the belly of one low-flying enemy plane.

S/Sgt. Bill Gould of Pittsburgh, Pa., came in a little later. He had been in Kweilin town during the *jing bao*, and had a story to tell of more treachery. Just before the planes came over he had seen several red flares go up over the city and a sizable house set on fire. Guided by this, Gould said, the bombers had flown straight over the town, turned and headed directly for Kweilin airbase to drop their eggs.

"Pretty soon," said one of the men after hearing this story, "the traitors will be sniping at us. After this I'm wearing my gun into town."

Next morning the field looked about as it had before. There were a few bomb holes in the runway. A gang of coolies filled them with tamped-down earth before sundown. One B-25 was a wreck. No buildings had been hit, though some roofs had been perforated by fragments and some windows shattered. The earth and rocks in a wide area around the gasoline dump were scorched and littered with burned-out drums. Aside from two lieutenants who were a little beat up from concussion, there were no injured men and nobody had been killed. The burned gasoline would be sorely missed and would have to be replaced by air tankers. But there was still some gas on the field and Kweilin's planes could still carry on the attack.

What griped the men of Kweilin most about the deal—more than the bombing, more than the sleepless night, more than the overwork, more than the poor food—was the field's lack of proper defenses. There were no adequate searchlights, no properly equipped night fighters, no large-caliber antiaircraft guns. "If we only had a couple of Bofors," the men said.

But they knew why supplies and materiel were lacking. The Burma Road was closed and there was no Allied coastal port. All personnel, bombs, ammo, guns and gas for Kweilin came by air from a rear base in China, which in turn had to be supplied by air from over the Hump in India. And India had to be supplied from the States.

NOT long after that, the airbase was abandoned and destroyed by the American forces, and the civilian population of nearby Kweilin town also was evacuated.

"Gen. Stilwell and Maj. Gen. Chennault made a final visit to the base," said Sgt. Frank W. Tutwiler of San Francisco, Calif., describing the last days of the airbase. "By this time big bombs had been placed in a pattern planned for demolition, and soon after the generals left, the real work of breaking up the base began. The work went on day and night. The Jap planes didn't bother us in the daytime, but they did keep us in the foxholes night after night. These *jing baos* didn't amount to much, but they kept people awake and tired people can't work efficiently in the daytime.

"When the runways were finally blown up and the buildings were fired, we thought the Jap bombers would come over. The flames were certainly a lot better guide to the enemy than those flares the traitors and Jap agents used to shoot off. But for some reason, I don't know why, the Jap planes didn't show.

"We knew in advance that the airbase would be blown up and fired, and the boys came around and woke us up about 0100 the night it happened. In an hour two hostels were burning and by 0400 the fighter strip, parachute tower, two more hostels and a lot of miscellaneous buildings had gone up in smoke. A terrific amount of supplies that had been stocked on the field was salvaged just before the buildings were fired. The stuff was loaded on planes that came in at the last minute and took off again.

"From the day we began preparing to abandon the base, and for a week after the demolition was completed, the people of Kweilin moved out of their town toward Liuchow. Day and night long lines of sad-looking refugees trudged across the field and along the runways, carrying with them pitiful bundles and trinkets, trying to take their world on their backs.

"The roads were clogged with refugees, and we could not help thinking what would have happened if it had not been for the Fourteenth Air Force. But our planes kept the Japs from coming over and strafing the refugees, as the Nazis had done in so many countries of Europe.

"At the railroad stations it was the same story. The Chinese crammed the cars to the very tops, they swarmed over the locomotives and hung to the couplings between the cars and even the rods under the cars. And everywhere you saw the great unwieldy bundles of the people, everything they had to their names.

"There was a shortage of coal, and some of the trains had to stand in the station for as long as eight hours after loading up. The smell became oppressive and the flies crawled all over in black clusters but somehow people went on housekeeping and living.

"An evacuation service that had been set up to handle the refugees was slow in getting started and it was soon engulfed by the flood of people. At first advance payment had been required for passage on the railroad but by the time the last 20,000 people left Kweilin, all the railroad wanted to know was where you were going—and there wasn't much choice.

"Back in the half-burned city, the streets were silent and deserted, except for occasional soldiers, and some people who were looting and breaking open store fronts here and there."

Two of the last GIs to leave Kweilin were S/Sgt. Willard M. Golby of South Orange, N. J., and Cpl. Frank J. Kelleher of Scranton, Pa. "We got on the train at Ehr Tong station to leave Kweilin and had to sit there and wait for six days," said Golby. "It was the last train from Kweilin. We were transporting equipment and had to keep civilians out of our boxcars by posting guards.

"The sixth night we heard explosions and the sky was lit up with the fire from the hostels and airfield being destroyed. We were supposed to go to Liuchow by train but the transportation officer told us that there was a derailment up the line and the train might not be able to leave. We loaded up two trucks with the equipment we were guarding and headed over back roads. On our way we passed an army of refugees all going in the same direction—away from Kweilin.

"But we were cheered by the sight of a different kind of army—Chinese soldiers—moving in the opposite direction. They were going to make a fight for Kweilin."

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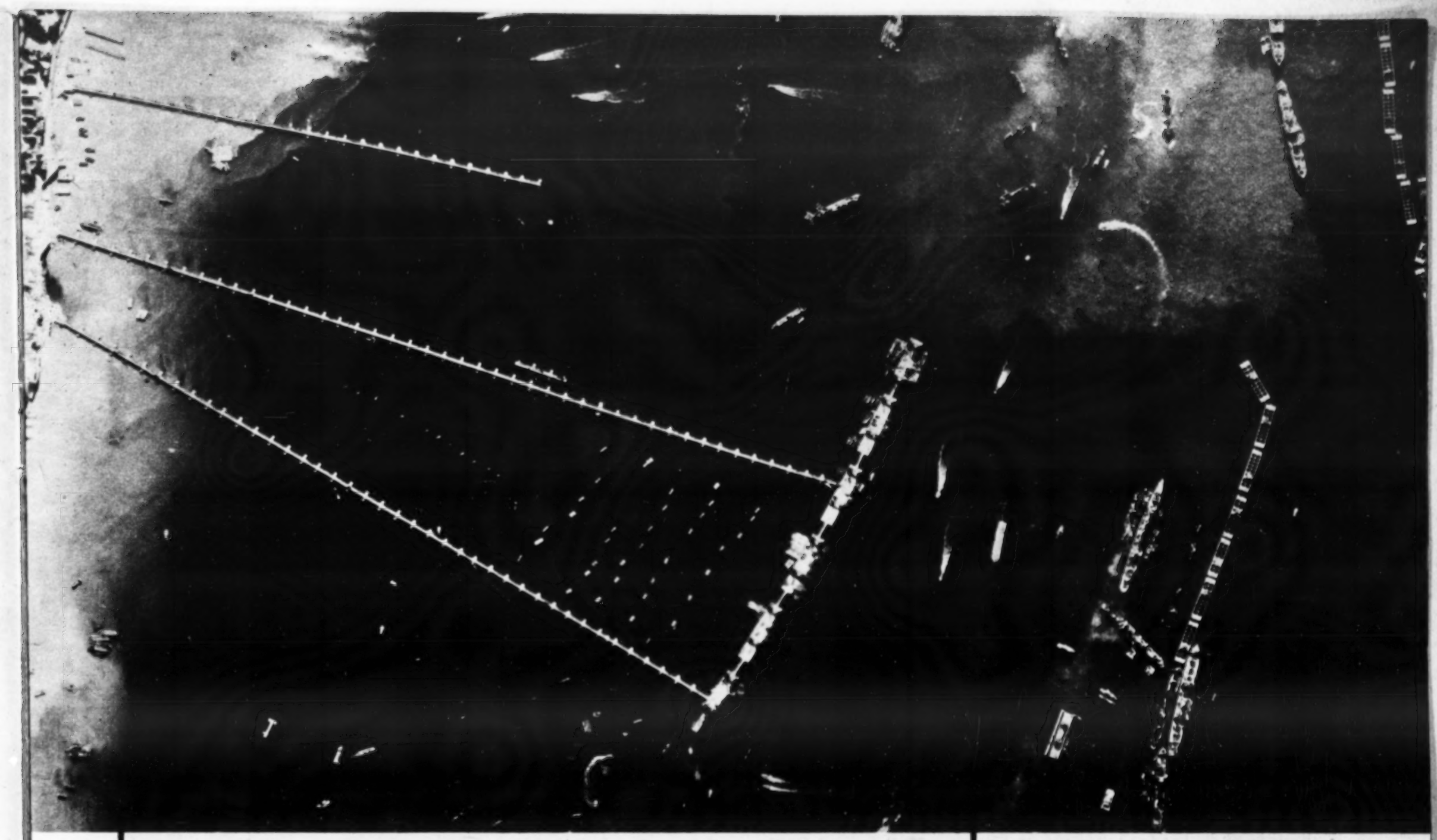
The Fourteenth Air Force takes the final step in destroying Kweilin field. They bury 1,000-pound bombs in patterns and detonate them. Craters thus formed will prevent Japs from making immediate use of the base.



Aerial photo above shows a section of a British portable harbor off Normandy. Concrete caissons and blockships form a breakwater for seven floating wharves. Two roadways, supported on floats, lead back from the wharves to the shore. Lower picture is a close-up of the steel ponton piers of one wharf.

Invasion Harbors

The Allies built two artificial ports, each as large as Dover, and towed them over to France to unload vital supplies.

IN the first days of the invasion of France, great steel and concrete structures—some looking like skeleton skyscrapers, others like Noah's Ark without the roof — were towed over rough Channel water by a straining fleet of British and U. S. tugs. The structures were artificial ports, substitutes for the natural French harbors which, the Allies foresaw, the Germans would wreck or fight desperately to hold to the very last. The venture, a year in the planning, ranks among the engineering wonders of this war.

The facts about the artificial ports, withheld until very recently, show that the undertaking, fantastic as it was, proved a partial success. They show also that in mounting the invasion the Allies left almost nothing to chance. And finally they give a new inkling of just how heavy the odds against the Normandy invasion really were.

In June 1943, about a month before the invasion of Sicily, U. S. and British commanders met to talk over the invasion of France and especially the landing of supplies and reinforcements without which the assault forces could not go forward. It was obviously foolhardy to rely on existing French ports. So, just like that, it was agreed to build in advance harbors of our own.

Plans, often altered, called for two artificial ports—one for the British, one for us. Each port was to consist of breakwaters, to be formed by blockships, concrete caissons (150 in all), half-submerged caisson-floats and piers. Each port was to be approximately the size of the port of Dover, which covers 760 acres.

To build the concrete caissons, 20,000 British workers, some of them over 70 years old, were brought to London and told to keep their mouths shut about the job. To serve as blockships, 300,000 tons of shipping—60 British, U. S. and other Allied vessels, including four over-age men-of-war —were marked for scuttling. Around 100 tugs were assembled. The piers alone required 50,000 tons of steel. When completed, each caisson-float was longer than a skyscraper lying on its side.

The U. S. Navy took charge of building the port to serve the American beachhead; the British Army and Navy divided responsibility for their harbor. A spot on the French coast near Laurent-sur-Mer was picked out for the American harbor facilities; Arromanches was assigned to the British. On D-Day American Seabees and British engineers landed at the designated areas, cleared them of mines and got roadways started.

D-Day also saw the blockships and the tugs, following directly after the assault forces, begin their slow journey toward the beachheads. In all, the tugs made 210 Channel tows to haul materials weighing more than 1,000,000 tons.

By D-plus-3 all the blockships had been scuttled. The ships settled on an even keel, end to end parallel with the beach, with the upper parts of the hulls and all the superstructures above the water. Before the scuttling, one blockship struck a mine and a second was hit by a shell.

By D-plus-8 the floating breakwaters had been attached to heavy moorings laid in deep water by special ships. By D-plus-12 the operation was half finished. There had been only light losses at sea, and though the Germans now knew what was going on, the *Luftwaffe* was able to offer little interference.

Then disaster struck the American artificial port at Laurent-sur-Mer. The weather had been ugly from the invasion's first day, but on D-plus-13 the worst June gale along the French coast in 40 years whipped down from the northeast and blew steadily and furiously for three days. All the pier equipment, which had started over from England the day the gale blew up, sank en route. At the American site, the floating breakwater was piled in wreckage on the beach, the blockships were damaged, the piers swept away.

The British project stood up far better, but even here the floating breakwater was largely wrecked. But even on the worst of the gale's three days the half-finished project handled 800 tons of gasoline and ammunition.

So heavy was the damage to the American project that the whole thing had to be called off. With the capture of Cherbourg, however, the loss of the U. S. artificial harbor was offset. The British project, though badly battered, was in good enough shape to be continued. By mid-July the port was completed and operating at a capacity above that of many of the world's best-known natural ports.

The prefabricated port, which on paper must have resembled something thought up by Jules Verne and Buck Rogers at 3 in the morning, had proved its worth.

Yanks at Home Abroad

Whopper Topper

TEHERAN, IRAN—Cpl. Harvey Johnson of Norfolk, Va., visiting the rest center here, likes to tell about the Persian and the Egyptian he overheard arguing in a cafe one night.

They were trying to top each other with stories about the proud histories of their respective countries, rivals for centuries. The Egyptian seemed likely to carry off highest honors.

"Why, archaeologists have dug down deep under Egypt's ancient cities and pyramids and have found old cables there," he said. "This proves that thousands and thousands of years ago Egypt had a telegraph system."

"Archaeologists have searched the ancient ruins in my country, too," the Persian answered softly. "But no matter how deep they have dug they have never found any cables. So it's obvious that ancient Persians communicated with each other by wireless."

—Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Highball

NEW HEBRIDES — S/Sgt. Murray M. Coran of Chelsea, Mass., probably has been saluted about three times as much as the average second lieutenant back in the States. His salutes come from the natives. They salute everybody wearing anything resembling an Army uniform. Coran figures he's gotten more than his share of the salutes because he has been overseas 33 months.

"So many natives started saluting us right after we arrived here," said Coran, "that instructions were issued to return the salutes, just to keep them happy."

—Cpl. JAMES GOBLE
YANK Staff Correspondent

PIN-ON GIRL. In England, Wac Pfc. Dorothy E. Whitfield received a Purple Heart in her hospital bed. She was injured in the Nazi robot-plane blitz.

Wrong Number

WITH THE FIRST ARMY IN GERMANY—The armored column nosed its way ahead over the rolling, hilly countryside of western Germany. Suddenly there came that familiar door-slamming sound of an exploding 88-mm shell. The column pulled up and sent out patrols. None of the patrols could find the 88, so the colonel of the task force decided to ask for air support.

For 30 long minutes the task-force radio tried to contact the Ninth Air Force Thunderbolts assigned to cover them. But the P-47s were busy elsewhere and there was no answer. Finally, the task-force radio pleaded: "Will *any* aircraft up there come to our assistance?"

A pilot's voice broke in on the channel: "Sure thing, force; what can we do for you?"

"We think there's a nest of mobile 88s on the hill in front of us. Could you go down and get rid of them?" asked the armored group.

"Toot sweet," said the pilot. "Where are you?"

The task force answered: "Right down here between hill X and hill Y. We're along the road."

"I still can't see you," insisted the pilot. "You better give me your coordinates."

"Okay," said the task force. "The coordinates are such and such."

There was silence for about five minutes. Then the pilot spoke again: "I'm sorry, task force, but I can't seem to find your coordinates on the map. You'd better give them to me again."

"All right," said the force. "Repeat on the coordinates. They are such and such."

There was another five-minute delay, followed by a plaintive message from the plane. "I'll tell you what, task force," said the pilot. "Can you give me the name of the biggest town close by? I can orient myself from that."

"Okay," said the armored radio. "We're exactly 15 miles east, northeast of Malmedy."

"Malmedy," mused the pilot. "Say, isn't that city in Belgium?"

"Yes," replied the task force. Another pause.

"I'm sorry, task force," the pilot finally confessed, "but I can't do a thing to help you right now. I'm a few miles north of Florence—in Italy."

—Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

MPs Are People

PANAMA—A GI heading for town recently saw an MP turn a corner and come his way. The GI pulled his tie out of his pocket and frantically began to knot it around his neck. He managed to tuck the ends into his shirt as the MP came up to him.

"Hot night," said the GI feebly, "isn't it?"

"Sure is," said the MP.

The soldier was about to pass on when the MP put out his hand and stopped him. "Excuse me," said the MP. "I don't want to bother you, but you might button up that pocket on your shirt."

The GI buttoned his shirt.

The MP shrugged. "Some chicken, eh?" said the MP. Then he shrugged again, said good night and walked off.

—Sgt. JOHN HAY
YANK Staff Correspondent

Life in GI Russia

HEADQUARTERS, EASTERN COMMAND, U. S. S. R.—The GIs who came to this base of the U. S. Strategic Air Forces about six months ago thought they knew something about wanton Nazi destruction from the effects of the blitz in Britain.

But after getting a look at the dynamited colleges, hospitals, science institutes and homes here, and the rubble-filled, grass-grown streets, they decided Britain must have been a rehearsal.

An airdrome had been prepared and soon planes were coming in from Italy and England after unloading on the Ruhrland, Debrecin, Chemnitz, Gdynia and dozens of other places.

As soon as the planes land at this Soviet base, they are refueled, bombed up with new loads "made in the Soviet Union" and readied for a take-off for their home bases, dropping their bombs on Nazi targets on the way.

There aren't as many men available here as there were in Britain, and a pfc suddenly finds himself elevated to such dizzy heights as crew chief. The crews are Soviet soldiers. These Red Army men were skilled mechanics on such Soviet planes as Yaks and Stormoviks when they were suddenly put to work on the B-17s. In spite of the strange planes and the language difficulties, three Red Army men and one American soldier service the B-17s, which generally have six mechanics working for them.

The GIs have picked up some Russian in exchange for their American slang, and have given the words their own jive twist. The Russian for "what's the matter?" which is "*chto takoye*?" comes out as "shot-a-quarter?" And "all right," which is "*chorosho*" in Russian, becomes "artishaw."

The Russian girls have picked up some English, too, and their favorite word, according to the GIs, is just as effective with a Russian accent as it was back home. It's "NO."

Social relations between the American GIs and the Russians are very good. The Russians' habit of bursting into song at the slightest provocation is a great source of entertainment for the Americans. The American GIs have learned to eat sunflower seeds, and the Soviet GIs chew U. S. gum.

Lt. Henry J. Van Horn, pilot of a P-38, tells of the time he came in from Italy on a shuttle flight. His base had been so well camouflaged that he couldn't make it out, and after hovering about for a while, he began to run out of gas. So he came down on a likely looking patch of land near a village some 40 kilometers from the base. The villagers gathered around and the first thing they noticed were the swastikas Van Horn had painted on the nose of the plane to mark his victories against the Nazis.

M/Sgt. Charles Sands brought a *malinki tovarisch* (small friend) to a Russian show. The kid was more impressed by a GI camera than by the performance.

The mayor, assistant mayor and a few other men gathered around Van Horn and from their attitude it became obvious that they thought he might be a Nazi. He yelled "Americanski, Americanski," and to prove his point drew an American flag on a piece of paper. They embraced him, Russian fashion, and brought him to the village where they put on a party complete with eggs, sausages and honey, and vodka.

The only Americans who have suffered disappointment at the hands of their Russian Allies were some members of the Photo Reconnaissance Unit. For weeks, the unit worked like eager beavers, taking pictures of an important Nazi target in Rumania. When the photographing job was done and the mission of bombing the target was about to start, orders came through to call the deal off. The Russians had stepped in and captured the entire target intact.

—Cpl. SAMUEL CHAVKIN
YANK Field Correspondent

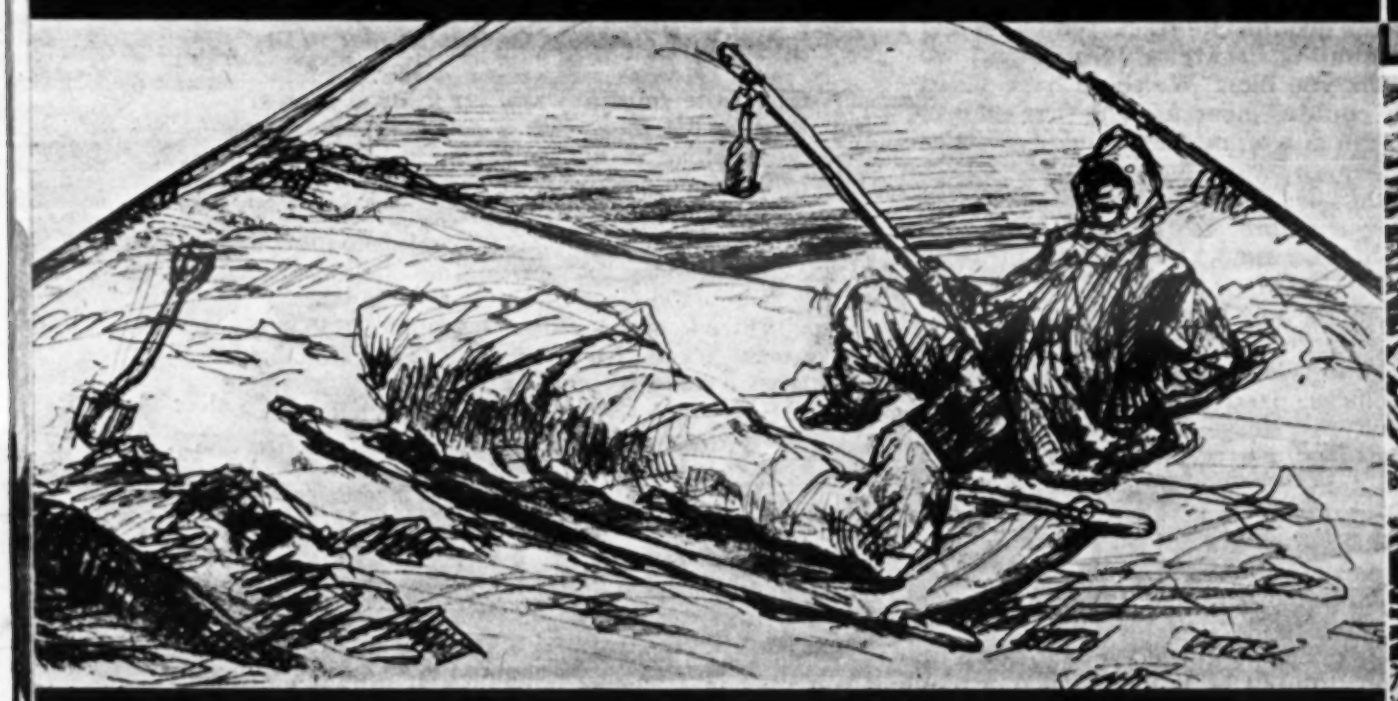
This Week's Cover

ON Peleliu Island in the Palau group, Pfc. John Clifton and Pfc. Anthony Tillman haul ammunition and cans of fresh water to combat troops busy on a hill ahead flushing the last Japs out of their caves. Photo is by Mason Pawlak PhoM1c, YANK staff photographer. For more Pawlak pictures, showing how we mopped up Japs, see pages 12 and 13.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Mason Pawlak PhoM1c. 2—Lower right, Signal Corps; others, Sgt. Lou Stoumen. 3—Signal Corps. 4—AAF. 5—British Official Photographs. 6—Left, Signal Corps; right, Eastern Command, USSTAF. 8—PA. 9—Upper and center right, INP; lower, PA. 10—Sgt. Ben Schnall. 12 & 13—Mason Pawlak PhoM1c. 18—Upper left, Signal Corps, Camp Butner, N. C.; upper right, Coast Guard; center right, AAFTC, Lowry Field, Colo. 19—Upper, PRO, Camp Van Dorn, Miss.; center left, PRO, Keesler Field, Miss.; center right, DeRidder AAB, La.; lower left, AAF, Stewart Field, N. Y. 20—Warner Bros. 23—Upper left, Cornell Athletic Association; upper and lower right, PA.

When ponds froze over you got water by melting ice or snow in a can on a Sibley stove.

Mornings after storms you woke up with your pup tent on top of you or 100 yards away.



Thawed tundra is quagmire, so you seal your lost buddies' names in bottles at burial.

Kiska's Japs, across a narrow strait, could sneak ashore easily. Patrols had it tough.

Cold and hungry, choose your job. Ration dump? Coal pile?

Amchitka Sketches

Pvt. Robert F. Maxfield saw the raw, primitive stages of our early island advances in the Aleutian Chain. When he returned to the States recently, he brought back these sketches, his impressions of Amchitka Island during the bleak digging-in days of January 1943. Maxfield is now at Fort Sill, Okla.

Sometimes you got lost in an avalanche of wind and sleet.

Old Glory flies again in the Philippines.

When cavalrymen freed Tacloban, Leyte's largest city, the Filipinos gave them as warm a welcome as GIs in Paris got. Elsewhere the going was tougher.

Philippines Advance

By Sgt. RALPH BOYCE
YANK Staff Correspondent

LEYTE, THE PHILIPPINES — The wing of the wrecked Jap fighter plane gave out the only shade on the airstrip and hot tired GIs of the 1st Cavalry Division were making use of every bit of it. Bottles of Jap cider and a bottle of *sake* found along the route were passed around.

Over the portable radio, Lt. Stirling of New Haven, Conn., was trying to establish contact with the regimental CP. There was no answer. "Either the CP is moving up or they're off playing poker somewhere," his radio operator said. "When you get them," said the lieutenant, "tell them our objective is taken. The airfield is ——"

His words were drowned in a roar and blast that shook the earth. Clouds of dust and smoke covered the area. For a moment everyone was too stunned to think and then someone shouted: "It's a tank—a tank hit a mine."

Medium and light tanks had been working with us all day, moving ahead of the Infantry to blast pillboxes and bunkers. The dust blinded us as we ran forward. Then we made out the silhouette of the tank—upright but tilted at a crazy angle.

A man's head and shoulders slowly appeared in the top hatch and then he hung limply over the side. By the time we reached the tank, he had pulled himself gradually out of the hatch and flopped to the ground. He staggered to his feet and started stumbling in circles. "Sit down," we yelled, "sit down, you fool." We could have saved our breath. He couldn't hear us. The first man to reach him set him down and then turned away at the sight of the man's torn face.

Now we could see several cavalrymen spread around the disabled tank. They had been caught by the blast. Most of them were knocked out by the concussion. They struggled to their knees, wiping grimy hands over sand-covered faces.

"No ordinary land mine did this," one man said. "They hit one of our own duds."

A medical officer fixed plasma tubes in the arms of the serious cases, while GIs swarmed over the tank to remove the three men still inside. The blast that threw the Sherman 20 feet in the air had set off much of the ammunition inside; the slightest jar might set off the rest.

As we got the first man out, a single flash of lightning and a blast of thunder brought a driving rainstorm. The driver was the next man removed. It took six men to get at him. Screams of pain cut through the storm as we worked to get the last man out.

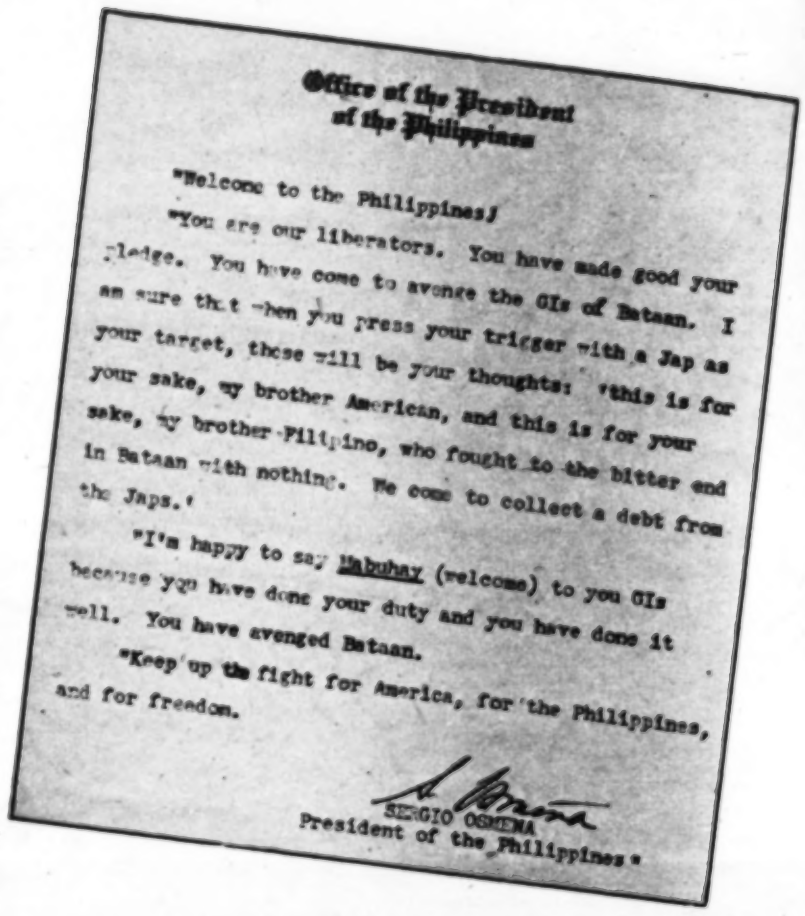
The medical officer looked up from where he was kneeling in two inches of water and wiped the rain from his face. "What are you doing up there?" he shouted. "Get that man out."

"What do you think we're trying to do?" a dogface yelled back. "He's wedged in here. We got to get this thing off his leg first."

FINANCIAL CLEAN-UP

LEYTE, THE PHILIPPINES—Leyte was slightly mussed by the time the Yanks took over. A sergeant drummed up a detail to sweep debris left by the retreating Japs in the Leyte branch of the Bank of the Philippines. The sergeant must have been an unconscious master of type casting.

One of the men he chose to swing a broom was Pfc. John F. Marias, son of the former president of the bank. —YANK Staff Correspondent



Office of the President
of the Philippines

"Welcome to the Philippines!

"You are our liberators. You have made good your pledge. You have come to avenge the GIs of Bataan. I am sure that when you press your trigger with a Jap as your target, these will be your thoughts: 'this is for your sake, my brother American, and this is for your sake, my brother Filipino, who fought to the bitter end in Bataan with nothing. We come to collect a debt from the Japs.'

"I'm happy to say Mabuhay (welcome) to you GIs because you have done your duty and you have done it well. You have avenged Bataan.

"Keep up the fight for America, for the Philippines, and for freedom.

SERGIO OSMEÑA
President of the Philippines

A facsimile of President Osmena's letter to GIs.

A GI on the sidelines saw an injured man trying to wipe his face with a filthy jacket sleeve. The GI fumbled in his pocket for a handkerchief and pulled out a prized Jap souvenir, a handsomely stitched scarf. He stared at it for a moment, then walked over to the injured man and said: "Here, Mac, let me do that for you." He wiped the blood and dirt from the man's face.

An injured cavalryman leaning against the tank was asked for his dog tags. He fished through his pockets and pulled out a wet faded letter. He forgot the dog tags and tried to read the letter. He was holding it upside down.

Thank You, Sir

TACLOBAN, LEYTE — The elderly little Filipino danced about excitedly and pointed to a house on the outskirts of the town of Tacloban. "My house, my house," he told a GI with a Garand. A Jap sniper was in there somewhere.

"Okay, Mac, but it'll look like a Swiss cheese if he doesn't come outa there."

The GI went in and there were eight shots.

The GI came out and waved the owner into his home. "Thank you, sir, thank you," said the little man. That seems to be the most popular refrain just now.

The freeing of Tacloban, Leyte's largest city, was astonishingly easy for the advance troops of the 7th Cavalry, who hit the San Jose road leading from the wreckage of San Jose to Tacloban. A few isolated snipers had been left behind by the Japs when they pulled out during the pre-invasion blasting. But there was little fighting.

The occupation of Tacloban began at 1300 hours of the Saturday after the Leyte landing, and everywhere we were greeted by Filipinos, literally hysterical with joy. Some of the older ones who had been badly treated by the Japs saluted, crying: "Welcome, Americans, welcome," while tears rolled down their cheeks.

Whatever they had was ours .. Bunches of bananas, an occasional ripe papaya and any food

the impoverished population could muster was offered us by the crowds that lined the streets.

A neatly dressed, middle-aged man handed out hard-boiled eggs, dozens of them, to the GIs. He had been a captain in the U. S. armed forces in the Far East before the war.

The most popular member of the welcoming committee was a guy who had thoughtfully broken into a beer warehouse just before the Americans started into the town. His stock of several cases of Jap beer hit the dusty Yank throats with little ceremony but a lot of pleasure.

A few snipers slowed the advance slightly but there was no activity by nightfall. We had cleaned them out and dug them from their foxholes in the crest of a hill overlooking the town.

The population of bomb-happy residents was able to sleep in beds instead of in holes under the houses for the first time in four nights. Weary, dirty and tired, they were still marveling at the sudden switch-over from slavery to freedom. No matter how much inconvenience they had suffered from our bombs and our barrages, their universal salutation to anyone in Yank uniform was a smiling, pleased: "Thank you, sir, thank you."

—Sgt. BILL ALCINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

Call Me Josephine

LEYTE, THE PHILIPPINES—The buffalo was named *Josephine* after Perry's wife, who was expecting a baby in three months. Sgt. Manuel Perry of Oakland, Calif., was our car commander. "I will get you to the beach and then take you as far as the troops want to go," he said.

After a nose dive off the ramp of our LST, we swung out and joined the rest of the amphibs. "Ease it off to the left, Pete," Perry would say over the interphone to the buffalo driver, Pvt. Pete Muller of Monticello, Calif., and the car would veer as ordered.

An LCV swung along on our starboard side. An officer in the stern yelled: "What position are you?" Perry replied: "Left flank, third wave."

"Stick with me," the officer shouted, and waved us on. Then Perry told Muller: "That's your guide boat, that V on your right. Stay with him."

As we swung into echelon we could see the first two waves already headed for the beach. We asked Perry whether he was nervous. In answer he held out his right hand. It was steady.

This was the first show for Perry and his outfit, a former Tank Destroyer unit that had switched to buffaloes, trained for six weeks in the States and then shipped out. After three weeks in the Admiralties they headed for the Philippines.

Shouts went up as the LCIs unleashed a terrific blast of rockets in the wake of the warships' barrage of big guns. For all the expression on Perry's face, he might have been back making rope in Oakland. Through glasses we saw the first wave lumber ashore behind streams of tracers. There were answering flashes from the beach. The headphones sputtered: "Amphibious vehicles receiving fire. First wave ashore. No—repeat no—yards inland."

As if to verify the report, a green flare shot up from the beach. The buffaloes were scattered in every position so that it was impossible to tell if they had stopped or had been stopped.

The engine hatch was nearly red hot. Pete and his assistant driver, Pfc. Harold Lewis of Rolla, Mo., had their hatches open, welcoming the swells that broke over the vehicle. Water that hit the engine hatch dissolved into steam. Suddenly a blast of flame and hot air hit us.

The door to the engine hatch had blown off. Perry bent over, picked up the door and slapped it back into position. He hung his burned hands by his side. His voice remained poised and quiet as he relayed his orders.

A Cavalry sergeant shouted: "It's there, over there to the left. See it!" An American flag had been planted on the beach. We were still staring at it when *Josephine* pulled herself up on the sand. We were ashore.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

Battle Hazard

SAN PABLO, LEYTE—When the veteran infantrymen of the 7th Division jumped off for the Philippines, they were given a guide book. It warned them against such dangers as the king cobra, the largest poisonous snake in the world, which grows as long as 17 feet; little 3- and 4-foot cobras; vipers; rice snakes; poisonous sea snakes; 25-foot pythons and land constrictors; 20-foot crocodiles; deadly scorpions; barracuda, tamaraos (dwarf buffaloes with ugly dispositions) and malaria mosquitoes. In almost a week of fighting, however, the only nature casualty was Pfc. Clifton Riggins. He was attacked by a swarm of wild bees which the guide book didn't mention at all.

—Cpl. TOM O'BRIEN
YANK Staff Correspondent

On Leyte, excited young Filipinos swarm over a GI

MacArthur congratulates Lt. Gen. Walter Krueger

Yanks, in first wave to land on Leyte, take cover from Jap machine-gun fire among shattered palms. In less than two weeks, invading GIs had the island sewed up.

War worker at home with his family (l. to r.): Bill Hanley, Frank Hanley, Bill's dog Bing, Frances Hanley, Frances' cat Kitty and Frank's wife Stella Hanley.

War Worker

Here is a report on an average guy in a war plant. He works, rests and plays like we used to and he isn't getting rich.

By Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Writer

TURTLE CREEK, PA.—One war worker who isn't blowing his pay check on $15,000 emerald necklaces or ringside tables at the showier night spots is Frank Hanley of Turtle Creek.

Frank Hanley is an average war worker in a large industrial plant. His reasons for not shooting his pay down the easy-money drain are the same as those of most other war workers. Only a microscopic percentage of them are doing the kind of boom spending you read about in the more sensational Stateside newspapers. These newspaper accounts seem to be more in the nature of civilian pep talks than anything else. It stands to reason that, if the reports were true, we wouldn't be getting the shells and planes and guns we are getting—the guys who make them would be either too hung-over to work or too busy sitting at home watching the sunlight sparkle on their diamonds.

It isn't as interesting to read about a normal, hardworking guy like Frank Hanley as it is to read about a Coal-Oil Johnny, but it's a lot more important if you want to know the truth about things at home. Here are a few everyday facts about Frank Hanley's life as a war worker:

Frank is 27 years old, is married and has two children. One of the kids was born before Pearl Harbor. He has a trick knee that he cracked playing football in high school. The knee doesn't cripple him, but it does stiffen up after a hard day's work. His job in war industry is on a War Department order of top priority.

Frank was born in DuBois, Pa., of Irish-American parents. His family moved to Pittsburgh shortly after his first birthday. He grew up and went through grade school and high school there.

For the first few months after high school, Frank just kicked around, getting the feel of things, thinking about getting a job. When he did get a job, it was at the East Pittsburgh Works of Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company. He went in as a panel wireman in the electric shop, attaching the right wires to the right places in complicated electric devices. He worked a five-day week in those pre-war days, made $165 a month and belonged to the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America, CIO.

Even before Pearl Harbor the factory became busy with defense work. Frank's week was hiked to six days and his monthly pay check to $180.

All this time he was courting Stella Rogulski, a Polish girl from the same neighborhood. He liked Stella and Stella liked him. They went around together for a year and a half before they got married. "Some people wouldn't think that was a very long courtship, a year and a half," Frank says, "but for us it was."

About three months before Pearl Harbor, Frank became the father of a girl who was christened Frances. Almost a year later the Hanleys had another child, a boy they called Bill.

With a steady job, a wife and two children, Frank has become a solid but not solemn parent. At the plant he works hard and bones up in his spare time on electrical lore. He has an up-to-date personal library on electricity at home.

He's active in plant recreation. He coaches the basketball team of his section (he played basketball in high school, too), and last year it won the plant championship. His trick knee prevents him from taking any more active role than coaching.

Part of his plant work is on a hush-hush Army contract. It is so hush-hush that Frank and the rest of the men in his section, up to and including the foreman, don't know what it is themselves. They only do a part of the finished product—the rest is fabricated at other factories—and their part doesn't give away any secrets.

When Frank isn't on the Army job, he has other wiring details, only slightly less vital to defense. For example, he fits and wires ignition rectifiers for aluminum plants. There they change alternating current to direct current and then control its flow as it is used in the process of making aluminum and magnesium.

Frank has kept up his union membership and is in good standing. Labor relations at the plant are good, and he's never been involved in a strike.

Frank's pay check now is $240 a month. The increase is not all a wartime raise; he has had two advancements since he joined the company.

AFTER a good day's work, Frank catches a Turtle Creek bus at the plant and heads for home. He usually has to stand on the ride home. His house, far out on Turtle Creek Road, is the last stop on the line. This works out to his advantage mornings and he always has a seat on his way to work.

The house is very important to Frank. Ever since he went to work he has been saving toward a home of his own. He bought it last year on a bank loan. Rumors about war salaries to the contrary, you can't buy a place outright when you're making $240 a month. The house is a comfortable, not elaborate, six-room structure of red brick. There is a barberry hedge around the postage-stamp front lawn. There is more ground in the back of the house, but Frank hasn't had time to do much with it and it is pretty well grown over.

When he gets home, Frank may read some of his electrical books or just plain loaf. Usually, though, there are things to do about the house. Most of this summer he was busy with painting and repairing.

Then there are unexpected things like the night he came home and found young Bill had banged his head on the fire hydrant in front of the house. Bill had a long, but not deep, gash and a strong yelling reaction. Frank had to play doctor. By the time Bill quieted down it was 12 o'clock, considerably past the Hanleys' usual conservative bedtime.

Barring house repairs, acts of God and the urge to loaf or read, the Hanleys indulge in any one of a number of social activities. Frank figures 8 percent of their budget for entertainment.

Sometimes they have friends in to drink beer and play 500 or just chat. Other times, if they can get someone to mind the kids, they may go out to a movie. Once in a while, when there is a movie nearby they really want to see and no one available for baby-watching, they take the kids with them.

"That never works out very well," Stella says. "They crawl all over everything and you have to pay more attention to them than to the show. And so does everyone who sits near you. It doesn't make you popular."

Very rarely the Hanleys will go into town to a night club. The only decent night clubs are in Pittsburgh, and that's over 15 miles away. They have a 1939 Chevy sedan, but gas rationing doesn't permit much leeway. And once again there's the old problem of finding someone to mind the kids.

With Bill and Frances, respectively 2 and 3, very active around the house, not to mention a dog named Bing and a cat named Kitty, Stella finds more than enough to keep her hands full during the day. Six rooms don't stay clean by themselves and the kids need constant attention.

Stella is a young woman of medium height and looks more like your sister than the mother of two very bouncing kids. She frets because, now that they have the money, they can't find the furniture to fill out their dining-room suite. And she has the same difficulty getting any plant news out of her husband that other wives have. "If his friends didn't tell me what he was doing," she says, "I'd think he just slept there all day." It took considerable research before she found out that Frank had given two pints of blood to the Red Cross Blood Bank.

THE Hanley income is broken down pretty sensibly. First off, there is the 25 percent that goes into paying for the home. Then there is 15 percent for food. Frank usually gives about $8 a week to his church and that with other charities accounts for another 8 percent. At the plant he has signed up for War Bond buying to the tune of 15 percent. All this, with the 8 percent mentioned for entertainment, comes to 71 percent. Most of the rest goes to pay taxes, keep up insurance, pay union dues, take care of doctor bills and meet extra living expenses. After this there's little left. What there is, the Hanleys save.

The whole picture explains why the Hanleys, and the millions of other war-worker families like them, aren't shooting their wad on expensive pretties and night-club carryings-on.

They can't afford to. Their incomes are higher than they were before the war, but that doesn't put them in millionaire-playboy brackets by a long shot. And cost of living has risen as fast as incomes, maybe faster.

Most war workers have other, more important things to do with their money. They have families to think about, their families' futures and their own.

Working in war industries, they know there is a war going on. Bomber noses instead of electric irons go down assembly lines.

Frank Hanley doesn't buy bonds simply because they're a good investment. He doesn't give blood to the Red Cross because he likes its color. He has two older brothers who saw active sea duty with the Navy before they were discharged because of age. He has another, a younger, brother who is sweating out the war as a GI in New Guinea.

Most families in the U. S. are like that because most families are soldiers' families.

The End of the Line

Telephone wires are more than mere lines of communication to the men of a Ranger Battalion moving forward into action.

By Pvt. JUSTIN GRAY
YANK Staff Writer

THE battalion was bivouacked about six miles behind the lines. We were divisional reserve. It looked as if we wouldn't get back into action right away because the division was moving forward smoothly. They wouldn't call us unless the Jerries stopped them. It felt good to be resting. We hadn't had much rest in the past month. It was close to midnight and most of the boys were already sleeping, but I was still awake. I had just come off guard and was rolled up in my half-blanket under an olive tree, feeling good and wondering if I'd get some mail the next day. I hadn't heard from home in a long time. I thought about my girl. Funny how I wanted to see that scrawl of hers.

Hodal started to snore. That was a good sign. Hodal never snored when things were going bad for us. I was thirsty but while I was making up my mind to go down to the water trailer I fell asleep.

It must have been a couple of hours, but it seemed like a couple of minutes, when I heard Scotty, our first sergeant, bellowing at us to get ready to move. It took me a long time to react. I couldn't wake up. Miller was shaking me. "Get up, Gray, we're moving out."

The whole battalion was stirring. In the dark some of the men were filling their canteens, others were working on their packs or getting extra ammo. Everyone was awake. I must have been the last one to start getting ready.

"Hey, Cy," I called over, "where in the hell are we going? Back to a rest camp?" Miller groaned and looked at me with disgust. "Do you think they'd wake you up at midnight to get you back to a rest camp? You're going to do some mountain climbing."

I cursed myself for not washing my socks that afternoon we'd had so much time. It had been a quiet, lazy afternoon. And how I hated those mountains. I'd never walk a step when I got home.

Miller was almost ready with his blanket roll and I hurried to finish mine. He went off into the darkness to fill our canteens. He always helped others—a rough fighter and a real friend. I wandered around in the dark and found the CP, then grabbed some rations and hurried back.

All the boys were ready when I returned to where I had been sleeping. They were smoking and kidding. Miller had lost all his ammo in a poker game that afternoon, and they were debating whether or not to give it back to him.

The captain would be calling us together any minute now to tell us about our job. I still had my pack to fix. The straps were all sweated up hard, and I couldn't fix them the way I wanted at first. I'd just finished when Scotty yelled: "Over here, guys."

We walked down the hillside to where the captain was bending over a map with a dim flashlight. Cy was right; we were not going back to any rest area. It didn't take long for the captain to tell us what we had to do. The division had met some unexpected resistance. A group of Germans was holding out in a small town way up in the mountains, a tough position to reach. We were to move forward, infiltrate behind the Jerry lines and attack from the rear. It was a two-day job. We had done it before, many times, but I didn't relish this deal. It would be rough.

The other companies had finished their briefing and were forming. The captain dismissed us, and we hurried back to get our equipment. Someone was yelling: "Where's C Company?" We fell in. "First platoon, second platoon, mortars in the rear." The battalion moved out. The colonel led off at a fast clip.

We moved down the mountain to the road below us and turned north. It sure wasn't the direction I'd have picked to go. We'd bypassed a clean little town, untouched by artillery, a couple of days before, and I was ready to go back and see what the girls were like there.

It was pitch black. We moved in two columns, one on each side of the road, the men about 20 yards apart. You couldn't really see the man in front of you. But you could feel him out. You knew that there were units bivouacked on either side of the road, but there was no sign of life—just a dark desolate stretch of road ending in darkness. Everyone else was sleeping. Damn, didn't they know there was a war on? Well, I suppose their job would come up tomorrow. We'd rested the day before. I'd almost forgotten that.

Our artillery was unusually quiet, almost as if it were telling the Jerry to go to sleep so we could slip through. Every once in a while Jerry lobbed a shell over us and we had to flatten down on the dirt road. We were moving pretty slowly, even though still far behind the lines. What seemed to be hundreds of telephone wires stretched on the gravel past my feet toward the front. There was nothing to worry about yet.

A CONVOY of ammo trucks came by, and we had to pull off the road until they passed. I disliked this waiting. I started to count the strands of telephone wire, just to keep busy. The wire was a symbol of security and strength. The telephone is a wonderful invention, but the Rangers seldom take it with them. That's what bothered me most. It didn't seem so bad that we might be wiped out, but the thought that we couldn't let anybody know what was happening to us—that's what was bad. Then I laughed to myself, remembering how relaxed I had once felt on a night assault in Sicily. We had followed a thin strand of wire all night long, certain that infantry was in front of us. In the morning we attacked and only then realized no one was in front of us—we had been following a German wire.

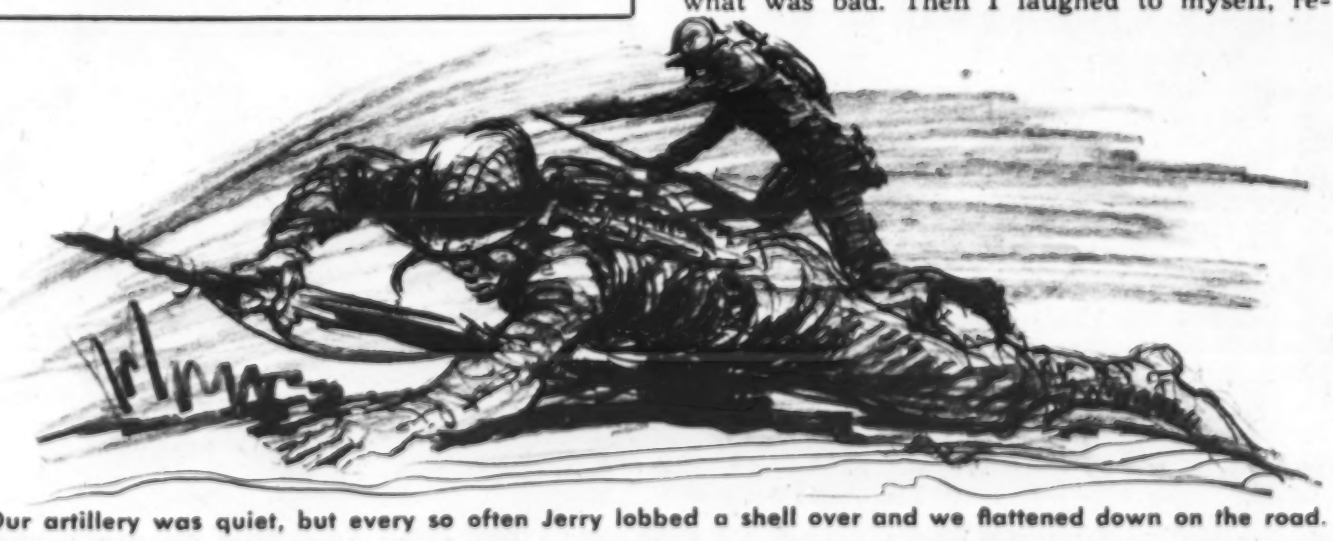
The trucks had gone. We were moving again. It took all my energy to keep the guy in front of me in sight. I lost track of the wires. It must have been a half-hour before the column halted again as some more Jerry shells landed, a bit closer this time. I hit the ground. Where had the telephone wires gone? I could count only about 10. It gave me a bit of a turn. We must have really moved forward in that half-hour.

The colonel started off again. I forgot about Gerhart in front of me. My eyes followed only the wires at my feet. One branched off into a field. Another suddenly stopped. It must have been hit by shrapnel earlier in the day. I tried to forget the wires by thinking of my girl. But it was no use; my eyes kept coming back to the diminishing number of wires. There was still no sign of our troops or fighting, and that convoy of trucks was completely swallowed up in darkness.

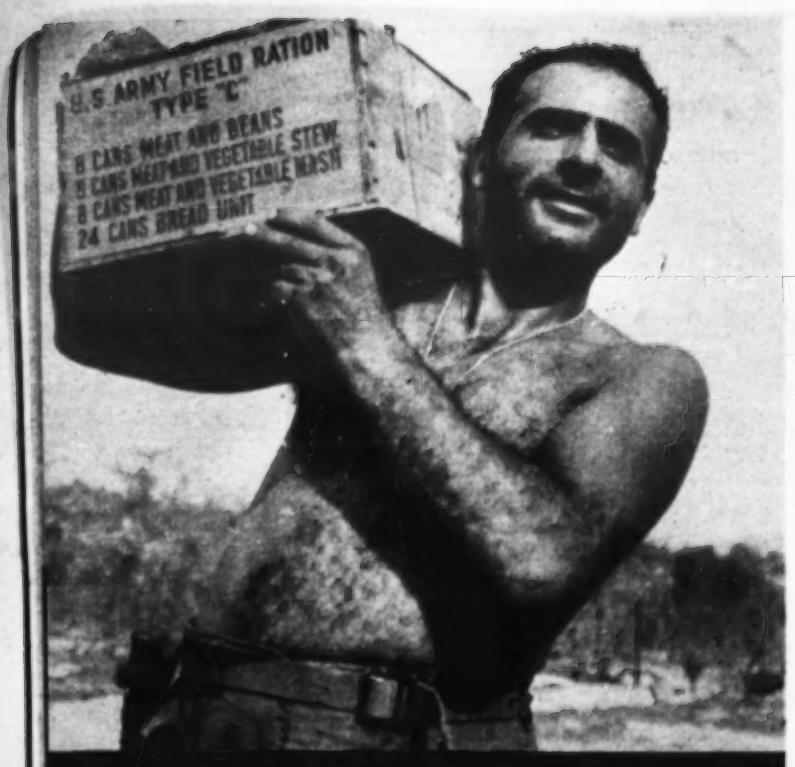
The telephone wires were my only contact with time or space. I couldn't tell how far we had gone or what time it was. But the telephone wires told the story. Only a few were left. There were no troops bivouacked by the road here.

We passed a lone weapons carrier, a divisional signal-company truck unable to go any farther because a bridge was cut. We had to go down into the river bed and pick our way through a German mine field. There was only one strand of wire left now. I wondered where the Infantry was—probably up on the mountain to our right. I strained my eyes to follow the last strand. And then that, too, ended. It led to a telephone in the ditch below us. A sleepy GI was telling headquarters we were passing his post. This was our good-bye. I wondered when headquarters would hear from us again. Our mission had begun.

Pvt. Gray, who served with the 3d Ranger Battalion, recounts personal reactions to one of his old outfit's assignments in Italy.

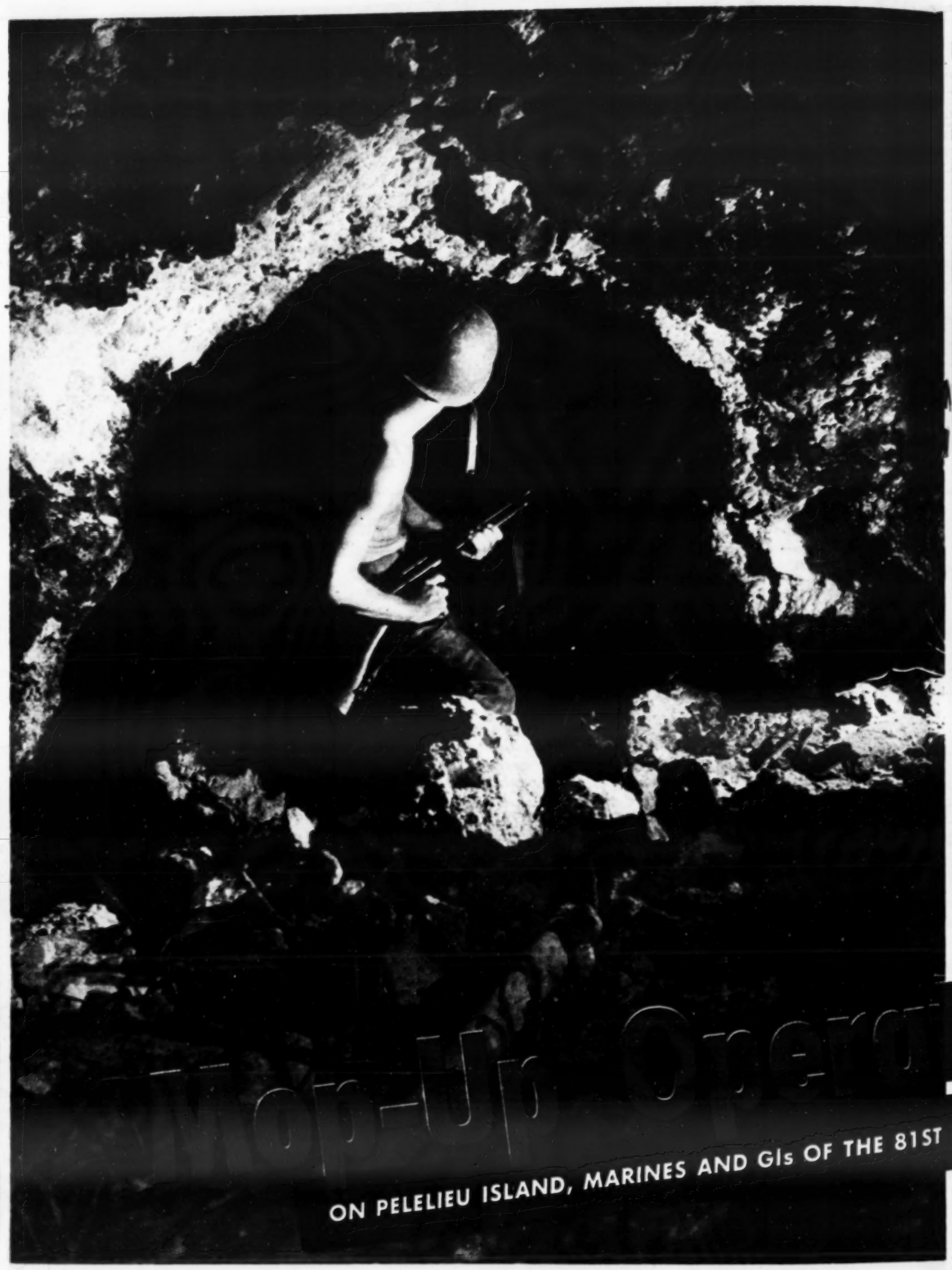


Our artillery was quiet, but every so often Jerry lobbed a shell over and we flattened down on the road.


U.S. ARMY FIELD RATION
TYPE "C"
8 CANS MEAT AND BEANS
8 CANS HASHED VEGETABLE STEW
8 CANS MEAT AND VEGETABLE HASH
24 CANS BREAD UNIT

AN 81ST DIVISION MESS SERGEANT, PETE ANDREWS, BRINGS UP RATIONS FOR HUNGRY GIs.

FLAME-THROWER TEAMS SCORCHED JAPS OUT OF CAVES ON PELELIEU IN THE PALAU GROUP.

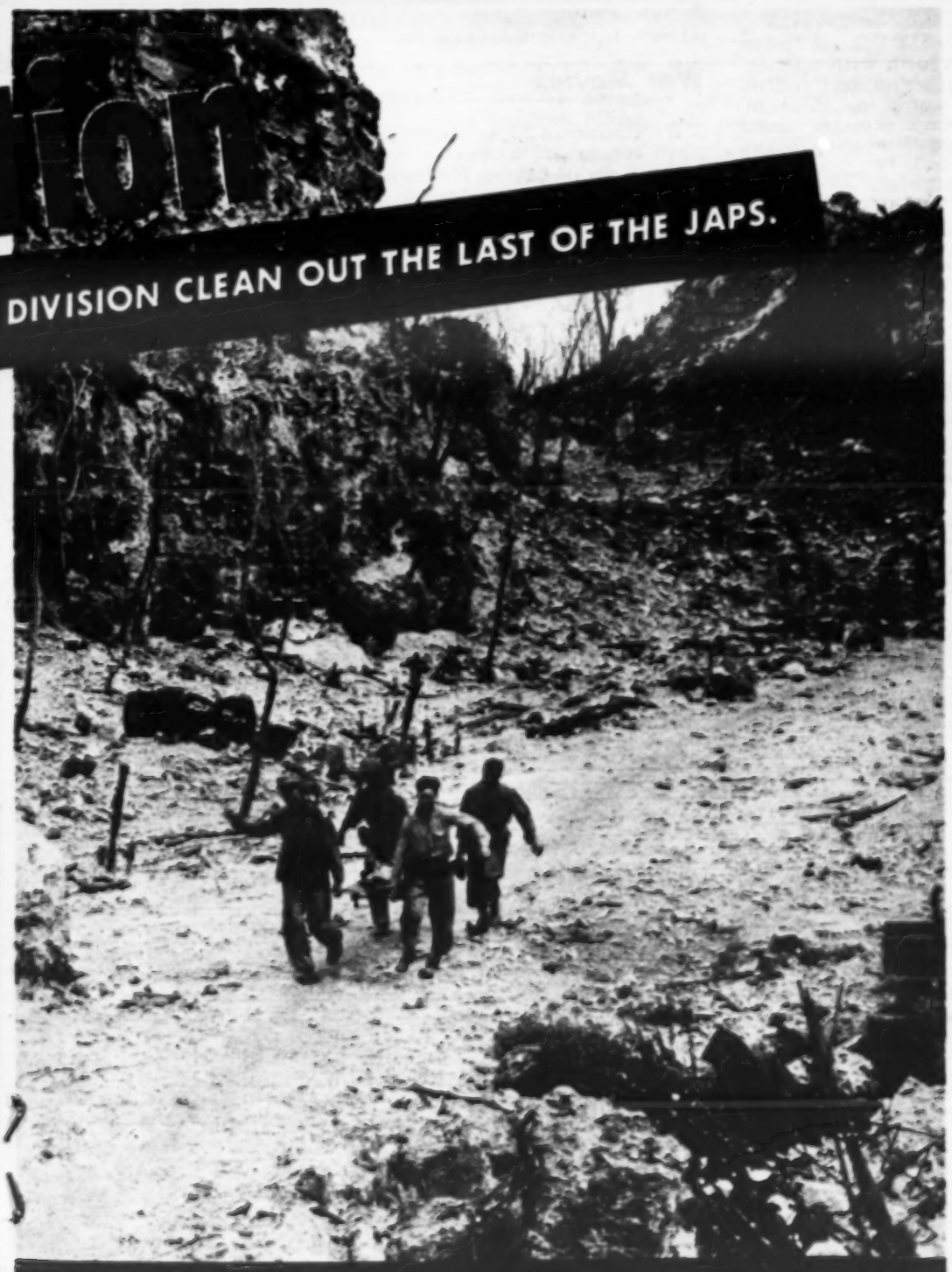


ON PELELIEU ISLAND, MARINES AND GIs OF THE 81ST DIV

THIS LUMP OF WRECKAGE IS ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE JAP RADIO STATION AT THE NORTH END OF PELELIEU.

THIS ADVANCING UNIT FOUND A BAZOOKA BUT DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO WORK IT UNTIL SGT. WILLIAM PIERCE, AN 81ST DIVISION NONCOM, HAPPENED TO CATCH UP WITH THEM. HERE HE SHOWS THEM HOW IT FIRES.

CLIMBING PELELIEU'S TOUGH HAYSTACK HILL, GIs USED ROPES. YANK'S MASON E. PAWLAK PhoM1c TOOK THIS AND ALL OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS SPREAD.



ST DIVISION CLEAN OUT THE LAST OF THE JAPS.

A WOUNDED MARINE, HIT BY A JAP SNIPER, IS CARRIED OUT OF THE COMBAT AREA BY HIS FRIENDS. PELELIEU'S BLOODY NOSE RIDGE RISES IN THE BACKGROUND.

THESE JAPS WERE KILLED ONLY A SHORT TIME BEFORE THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN. THEY HAVE BEEN BLASTED OUT OF THEIR CAVES AND ARE STILL BURNING FROM FLAME THROWERS.

A CAVE ON HAYSTACK HILL GETS A SECOND FLUSHING. THIS TIME THE YANKS USE SMOKE BOMBS. WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS THEY WILL ENTER THE CAVE TO MAKE SURE IT'S EMPTY.

FOUR MARINES SNATCH A SHORT REST FROM FIGHTING. BESIDE THEM IS A JAP FLAG WHICH THEY CAPTURED EARLIER, ADVANCING UNDER HEAVY FIRE UP THE VALLEY OF THE FIVE SISTERS.

MAIL CALL

German Industry

Dear YANK:

We've had a lot of glittering generalities about preventing Germany from getting ready for a third World War by military occupation and close surveillance. Most of the discussion misses as a major point: that as long as Germany keeps the factories, mills and chemical plants necessary for war preparations, no amount of supervision by an army of occupation can prevent secret rearming and later open rebellion.

I think that a fairly good solution would be to deprive Germany of all her heavy industry and her light-metal and chemical plants. These would prevent actual rearming. Also, it would be advisable to keep supervision of her consumer-goods industries, in the event that development of technology permits use of such products like glass and plastics for implements of war.

I feel that the Allied commission which finally decides the fate of Germany for the next two or 30 years ought to direct her economic energies along agricultural lines. The Germans can make a good living that way. . . .

Fort Sill, Okla. —Pvt. JOE SWIRE

Rank and YANK

Dear YANK:

I just read in your magazine where a major canceled his subscription because of what some GIs said about officers. Enclosed you will find two bucks in *rupees* to cover any loss that the major's cancelation may have caused to your magazine.

My brother was an officer, a damn good one, and before that he held every rank from private to master sergeant. He is missing over Germany somewhere now. We grew up together and always went to the same places. We ate at the same table every day, used the same latrine and wore the same kind of clothes. We might have been officers together, but I couldn't pass the air cadet physical.

I realize in an organization like the Army that we all can't have the same privileges. . . . I have plenty of respect for most of our officers, but I don't think much of a guy who can't take it when a GI throws a little bull his way. . . .

My only bitch is that you have only one page of *Mail Call*. I wish the whole book was *Mail Call* only.

India —Cpl. SID ROBINSON Jr.

Dear YANK:

. . . I must say that I stand with the major all the way. There is no earthly reason why a magazine such as YANK should print letters of GIs who have some petty gripe against an officer. It is readily understood that some officers use their rank to make some poor GI miserable. But why can't the GIs keep their troubles to themselves? The person who makes all their troubles will most likely read the letter in YANK and proceed to make it more miserable for the man concerned. . . .

In the same issue a colonel says that the bigger percentage of the so-called elite cafes in Cairo are out of bounds to American enlisted personnel. However, I have it from reliable sources that this is no longer the case. They are now out of bounds to officers as well until the management sees fit to open its doors to all military personnel. Personally, through experience, I say they are no darn good anyhow.

I would like to thank the unknown colonel for his fine letter. It is a symbol of the true American officer and gentleman.

India —Sgt. GILMAN M. GATES

Dear YANK:

Although it is repeatedly stated that officers are not permitted to make contributions to YANK, I have noticed on several occasions that their letters are printed in *Mail Call*. If these letters were made exceptions, I register my disfavor at their having to be printed under those conditions. Both sides of a question should be presented.

YANK is a wonderful boon to a democratic Army, but its greatest value will be realized only when it is opened to all members of the armed forces—commissioned and noncommissioned alike.

Caribbean —T/Sgt. W. L. TROUT*

*Also signed by S/Sgt. S. O. Farnsworth, Sgts. G. J. Delaney, A. Roberts, and Cpls. W. Krentsu and Samuel Eis.

■ *Mail Call* prints officers' letters if they are worth printing. It is the only department of YANK open to officer contributions.

Combat Engineers

Dear YANK:

. . . I am fully aware of the rigid rudiments of a combat infantryman, but has anyone ever considered the knowledge of a combat engineer and what duties he has to perform? In addition to his primary duties as a combat engineer, he is required to complete training similar to the combat infantryman. We are fully aware that a combat engineer is entitled to earn an Infantry Badge, but what we want is an award of our own.

Camp Butner, N. C. —Pvt. JERRY VICTOR

Uncle Joe

Dear YANK:

My congratulations to Sgt. Ed Cunningham for his very interesting article on Gen. Stilwell.

As a former member of the 53d Infantry, a 7th Division regiment at Fort Ord, I well recall the 1941 maneuvers at Hunter Liggett Reservation at Jolon, Calif. We maneuvered against the 3d Division, and I think most GIs will agree that they were, and are, a pretty rugged outfit. Gen. Stilwell was a great believer in night work, and I think some of us can attribute our aged looks to incessant blackout driving. Nevertheless, the work paid dividends.

If we draftees of the 7th Division subsequently turned out to be pretty good soldiers, I'm sure it was due to the early training we received at the hands of Uncle Joe and his capable staff.

Fort Clark, Tex. —S/Sgt. GEORGE N. MACKEY

GI Heaven in Texas

Dear YANK:

Some time ago your pages blared forth with a letter from a GI who said his post (which you declined to name) was, in almost as many words, as close to heaven as you could get in the Army. Well, brother, this unnamed GI still has a lot to see. I mean William Beaumont General Hospital at El Paso, Tex. I'd rather be a buck private here than a brigadier general at any other post in the whole U. S.

1) Female civilians do most of the KP. Once in a while, for two hours, a GI pitches in. *2)* The mess is the best I've ever tasted. You honestly have to beg the cooks to go easy on filling up that tray with roast beef and chicken a la king. *3)* A full colonel walks up and down between the tables and urges you to get seconds if you haven't had enough. *4)* The scenery, with a mountain range all around the camp, is the most beautiful in the U. S. *5)* The post garden is said to be the prettiest of any at military installations in the U. S. *6)* El Paso is just outside of camp and a wonderful soldier town. *7)* I could go on all night, but isn't this enough?

Incidentally, the above are privileges enjoyed by servicemen on the post. I guess the patients fare even better. But why rave on?

Beaumont General Hospital, Tex. —Pvt. SAM HAMRICK

Older Men

Dear YANK:

I did 17 hours of KP today. Two old men, one 39 and the other 41 years of age, had the same shift. The one who was 39 just couldn't take it. He tried his best and the KP pusher was the worst ever. The one who was 41 was on pots and pans and had to stop every bit to keep from falling. Finally the 39-year-old man collapsed and had to be taken to the hospital. The rest of us KPs were enraged at this situation. We reported to the mess officer and requested relief for the older men. He just laughed and said, "They have to take it." I'm 22 and it was rugged enough for me.

I don't see why they need these old men in the Army. There are more than enough of us young fellows and yet they put a man 17 years older than I to accomplish the same fatigue. It is not American.

Can't YANK do something about this intolerable situation? We younguns ask your cooperation for the oldsters.

Fort Myers, Fla. —(Name Withheld)

Dear YANK:

Can you make me understand why, when civilians 38 and over are not drafted, men over 38 can't get out? A man over 38 who hasn't already made a pile of dough is practically sunk. The average company can't hire him because they can't get any insurance coverage on him. He has about five years to make enough to tide him over the rest of his earning days. According to your figures, the older men are only about 3 percent of the Army and their release wouldn't affect the military effort much.

Why not give them a break and let those who want to see home again go, but sign up in the enlisted reserves in case they're ever needed?

Hawaii —Pvt. C. G. CURTIS

Dorais to Rockne

Dear YANK:

Orchids to the swell football quiz by Sgt. Dan Polier in a recent edition of YANK. I have one disapproval: question 11. Was not Gus Dorais the passer and Knute Rockne the receiver? Correct me if I'm wrong.

Percy Jones General Hospital, Mich. —Cpl. D. HARBAUGH

■ Sgt. Polier stands corrected. Dorais was the passer, Rockne the receiver.

War Movies

Dear YANK:

We GIs down here in the South Pacific, where the main recreation is movies, have seen enough of the Army without having Hollywood show us what Army life is like. Their impression of Army life is usually erroneous anyhow. We go to the movies for relaxation and you certainly can't get it in Army pictures. Our opinion is that they may be all right for civilians, but give *us* something else.

New Caledonia —Pfc. CLARENCE L. TOREN*

*Also signed by Pfc. James H. Hillman Jr. and Pfc. Willis D Bohlken.

Girl With Two Legs

Dear YANK:

We liked your pin-up girl Marie McDonald *malta buono*. There is so much beauty in her left leg that we are positive that with the addition of her right leg her photo would be superb.

Italy —Pfc. BOB HISTAND*

*Also signed by Cpl. Frank Arsen and Pvts. Pete Roman, Jerry Mosella and Owen (Chief) Slidesoff.

Dear YANK:

I'm a guy who whistles just as loud as the next GI when viewing a swell dame—either in the flesh or on paper—and your pin-up picture of Marie McDonald is no exception. But where the hell is her other leg?

Incidentally, before you blow your lid, let me say that I'm unlike the GIs who say that the error was noticed first. I'll say here and now that any guy who noticed a thing like a missing leg before giving at least one long, low whistle ain't human.

Brooke General Hospital, Tex. —T-5 IVAN J. KEMPER

■ YANK went to Miss McDonald herself for proof that she has two legs. Miss McDonald came up with the picture at the right and a letter stating that her other leg "at the time the YANK picture was taken was in a rigid, uncomfortable position." Figure it out for yourselves; the defense rests.

THE INGLENOOK CORRESPONDENCE

By Cpl. JAY WILLIAMS

Brief note discovered among the papers on the desk of Capt. I. G. Prattle, S-3, 900th Infantry, Camp Drool, Miss.:

DEAR Captain, Sir, I am now in charge of Orientation in G Co. I have put up two maps of Europe and the Pacific. Could I get a piece of acetate so as to show the battle lines?

Respectfully, PVT. H. INGLENOOK

SUBJECT: Military Channels 1 Sep 44
To : CO, Co G, 900th Inf

1. Acetate was requested by your unit orientation representative.
2. Such requests must be made through Bn S-3, this material falling under S-3 provisions for training.
3. Hereafter request such items through regular channels.

I. G. PRATTLE
Capt, 900th Inf
S-3

MEMORANDUM: 4 Sep 44
To : S-3, 2d Bn, 900th Inf

1. Request this unit be furnished the following materials for orientation purposes:
2 pieces Acetate, 2' x 2'.

SIDNEY LUSH
Capt, 900th Inf
Commanding, Co G

MEMORANDUM: 6 Sep 44
To : S-3, 900th Inf Regt

1. Request this battalion be furnished the following materials for orientation purposes:
2 pieces Acetate, 2' x 2'.

HERMAN GELDING
Capt, 900th Inf
S-3

MEMORANDUM: 8 Sep 44
To : S-3, 2d Bn, 900th Inf

1. With regard to your request for acetate to be used for orientation purposes, this Hq has none to spare.
2. What the hell do you need acetate for, for orientation purposes, anyway?

I. G. PRATTLE
Capt, 900th Inf
S-3

Note placed in Capt. Prattle's box in Message Center:

Dear Captain, Sir, it is now one week and still no acetate. Couldn't we get just one little piece?

PVT. INGLENOOK
Co G

SUBJECT: Military Channels
To : CO, Co G, 900th Inf

1. On 30 Aug 44, Pvt Higgins Inglenook of your command wrote a note to this Hq requesting material to be used for orientation purposes.
2. On 10 Sep 44, Pvt Inglenook wrote a second letter to this office repeating request.
3. Please reply by indorsement why you have not instructed personnel of your command as to proper military channels of communication.

I. G. PRATTLE
Capt, 900th Inf
S-3

1st Ind
12/9/44: CO, Co G, 900th Inf
To: S-3, 900th Inf, Camp Drool, Miss

1. Above enlisted man has been confined to company area for one week and given forcible instruction in proper military channels of communication.

SIDNEY LUSH
Capt, 900th Inf

MEMO:
To : S-3, 900th Inf

1. How the hell do I know what they want it for? They claim they have some sort of orientation program.

HERMAN GELDING
Capt, 900th Inf
Bn S-3

SUBJECT: Orientation Materials 18 Sep 44
To : S-3, 2d Bn, 900th Inf

1. Request the following material for orientation purposes to be purchased for this unit from SFE funds, auth WD Cir 360, 5 Sep 44, par 10, subpar a & b:
2 pieces Acetate, 2' x 2'.

SIDNEY LUSH
Capt, 900th Inf
Commanding, Co G

1st Ind
20/9/44: S-3, 2d Bn, 900th Inf
To: S-3, 900th Inf, Camp Drool, Miss

1. Approved.

HERMAN GELDING
Capt, 900th Inf

2d Ind
23/9/44: S-3, 900th Inf
To: S-4, 900th Inf, Camp Drool, Miss.

1. Approved.

I. G. PRATTLE
Capt, 900th Inf

3d Ind
25/9/44: S-4, 900th Inf
To: G-3, 157th Div, Camp Drool, Miss.

1. Approved.
2. Suggest use of nonappropriated funds governed by AR 210-50.

LUTHER MILDEW
Maj, 900th Inf

4th Ind
2/10/44: G-3, 157th Div, Camp Drool, Miss.

1. Disapproved.
2. Disapproved.

ADELBERT SNIVEL
Maj, Inf

Copy to CO, Co G, 900th Inf

Buckslip pinned to foregoing letter:

Dear Sid, I tried my best but it's no go. What the hell do you need acetate for? Forget it. How about a round of drinks tonight at Harry's?

HERMAN

MEMO:
To : CO, Co G, 900th Inf

1. Sir we still haven't got the situations up on the orientation maps. We have no acetate. What about this?
2. I am writing this letter just like it says in army regulations, like the first sergeant told me to look for it. What about this?

PVT. HIGGINS INGLENOOK
Orientation Man

Note sent to Capt. Gelding:

Okay. You buy this time.

It's this Inglenook. He's like a millwheel, or a cartstone, or whatever it is, around my neck ever since he read somewhere about this new orientation deal. God!

Yours, SIDNEY

Note sent among other miscellany to first sergeant, Co G.:

Tell Pvt Inglenook we can't get acetate. Maybe he ought to write the General, he's so damned fond of writing letters. S. L.

SUBJECT: Orientation Material 6 Oct 44
To : Commanding General, 157th Div
Camp Drool, Miss.

1. Sir, I have been trying to get two little pieces of acetate for eight weeks to put on a couple of maps to show the situation of the war, for orientation purposes.
2. I thought orientation was important.
3. They tell me I can't get it.
4. My CO told me to write the General, so I'm doing so.
5. How can I get the acetate?

Respectfully,
PVT. HIGGINS INGLENOOK
Co G

SUBJECT: Orientation 6 Oct 44
To : CO, Co G, 900th Inf

1. This headquarters has received a request for acetate for orientation purposes from a member of your command: Pvt H. Inglenoom.
2. The Division Commander is well pleased with the zeal of the enlisted man who wrote the letter. Notwithstanding, he suggests instructing this man in principles of military channels of communication.
3. Material requested should be available on request from your regimental S-3.
4. Please reply by indorsement why you notified enlisted man to write direct to the Commanding General.

T. BARLEYCORN LANTIK
Lt Col, AGO
Adjutant General

1st Ind
21/10/44: CO Co G, 900th Inf
To: AGO, 157th Inf Div, Camp Drool, Miss.

1. Enlisted man misunderstood chance remark.

SIDNEY LUSH
Capt, 900th Inf

SUBJECT: Disciplinary Action 24 Oct 44
To : CO, Co G, 900th Inf

1. On 6 Oct 44, Pvt. Higgins Inglenoot of your command wrote a letter to the Commanding General requesting orientation material. This is contrary to procedure and to military regulations.
2. Please reply by indorsement as to what disciplinary action has been taken in this case.

For the Regimental Commander:

C. L SNODGRASS
Capt, 900th Inf
Adjutant

YANK FICTION

1st Ind
25/10/44: CO Co G, 900th Inf
To: S-1, 900th Inf, Camp Drool, Miss.

1. Enlisted man has been confined to company area for one month and placed on permanent KP.

SIDNEY LUSH
Capt, 900th Inf

SUBJECT: Incompetency of Subordinates 25 Oct 44
To : Regtl CO, 900th Inf

1. On 6 Oct 44, Pvt. Higins Inglenoon of your command wrote a letter to the Commanding General requesting material.
2. Word reached this Hq that company commander has ordered enlisted man to perform said action, which is contrary to army regulations.
3. Please reply by indorsement as to what disciplinary action has been taken against this company commander.

By Command of Major General TIZZLE:

EVERETT FLINCH
Brig Gen, AGO
Adjutant General
MCXXI Corps

SUBJECT: Despair
To : Range Officer, 1008th Artillery,
Camp Drool, Miss.

1. Request I be granted permission to enter impact area on 8 Nov 44, for purpose of suicide resulting from profound depression.

PVT. HIGGINS INGLENOOK
Co G

1st Ind
10/11/44:
To: Pvt H. Inglenak, Co G, 900th Inf,
Camp Drool, Miss.

1. Permission granted.
2. Range officer will not be responsible for disposal of body, pursuant to AR 988-6, Sec 1, Par a, subpar ii.

LANOLIN EDCCOMB
1st Lt, 1008th Arty
Range Officer

Hospital Care for Dependents

Dear YANK:

I just got a letter from my wife in the States, and she tells me that my daughter was refused admission to an Army hospital at my old camp. The child was pretty sick and my wife had no money for private hospitals, yet she had to borrow the dough in order to take care of the child. It doesn't make sense to me. When I was back in the States the medics always took care of my family, and some guys even had their babies born in Army hospitals.

Did my wife get kicked around because I was overseas, or was she getting the straight dope when they told her they had no room at the hospital?

Panama —Pfc. JAMES L. MURTHA

■ She was probably 'getting the straight dope. Wives and children of GIs can get hospital care at Army hospitals only "when accommodations for their care are available" *(AR 40-590, Par. 6)*. In fact, the AR expressly states that no dependent should go to an Army hospital without first checking on the accommodations available.

AUS Discharge

Dear YANK:

I have been told that I will get a discharge because of wounds suffered in combat. I am a Regular Army man with 23 years of service under my belt. What is bothering me is that I hear that my discharge will not be from the Regular Army but from the Army of the United States. It doesn't seem fair to me that I should get the same discharge as a selectee.

Hawaii —T/Sgt. MILES R. LANE

■ Despite the fact that you are a regular, you will get a discharge from the AUS. There is no separate discharge form available for men whose term of service commenced in the Regular Army and ends during the war.

What's Your Problem?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

Final Determination

Dear YANK:

About nine months ago I made out an allotment for my mother, who is dependent upon me for part of her support. I took it to my orderly room and was told that she was not entitled to a family allowance. Recently I discovered that the orderly room was completely wrong and that my mother should have been getting a Class B allowance of $37 a month. I applied again and practically had to slug my first sergeant before he would put my application through channels.

Last week I heard from my mother, and she tells me the application was granted giving her $37 a month and (this is why I am fit to be tied) she only gets it from the date of the second application. I know I can't do anything about getting all that back money for my mother since the SOB in the orderly room would deny he ever turned me down, but can't something be done to put a stop to these company monkeys making their own rules?

Marshall Islands —(Name Withheld)

■ The Office of Dependency Benefits says that your orderly room was not only wrong but acted in violation of the Servicemen's Dependents Allowance Act of 1942. The law clearly states that "the determination of all facts, including the fact of dependency, which it shall be necessary to determine in the administration of [the law] shall be made by the secretary of the department concerned." (This authority has been delegated to the ODB by the Secretary of War.) No orderly room has the right to decide whether an application for a family allowance should be granted. Only the ODB can decide such cases.

Oak Leaf Clusters

Dear YANK:

I wish you could set me straight on the purpose and meaning of an Oak Leaf Cluster. I have seen clusters on all types of decorations including the Purple Heart. I always thought they were given for a certain number of missions in the Air Corps only. What's the dope?

Britain —Pfc. SAMUEL J. MESSENGER

■ An Oak Leaf Cluster represents a second award of the same medal. An Air Medal with two Oak Leaf Clusters means that the wearer has been awarded the Air Medal three times. An Oak Leaf Cluster is given for a Purple Heart for a second wound. It is *not* given for two wounds suffered at the same time.

Private Tutors

Dear YANK:

Before my induction in 1943 I was attending the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. I realize that I will be allowed to go back to school with the Government paying my tuition (up to $500) and receive a subsistence allowance of $50 per month. However, I want to carry on my studies privately instead of attending school.

Will the Government pay up to $500 for my private lessons and allow me $50 per month subsistence allowance if I study with an accredited teacher? Or must I enroll in some college or university to get these benefits?

France —Cpl. EARL T. CAVANAUGH

■ You can study under a private tutor, provided he is recognized by your state board of education. Any well-known music tutor should have no difficulty getting such recognition. The amount of tuition paid to the tutor will be based on the amount allowed at an institution giving the same type of instruction for an equal number of hours of study. If you put in a full school day with your tutor, you will, of course, receive the $50-per-month subsistence allowance.

THANKSGIVING 1944

In 1941, if you happened to be in the Army in that good civilian year, you were probably on maneuvers for Thanksgiving.

The war play stopped for the holiday and you bivouacked in North or South Carolina. It was nippy the night before, but the day was bright and the mess sergeants cooked palatable turkey. In the rear echelon you borrowed a couple of field desks from the company clerks and then took off to Camden, maybe, to buy a bottle of wine. You had your Thanksgiving in style and sprawled stuffed and happy on a still-warm patch of Carolina earth and shot bull till your dinner settled.

The maneuver problem didn't resume till the next day so you could hitch into Cheraw or Springs Mills or Kershaw or wherever you were near and drink beer and bitch like hell because the local citizenry had hiked the price to 15 cents a bottle on account of maneuvers. If you wrote home you were very sad. . . . "It's no good to spend Thanksgiving away from home. I'll be glad when my year is up and I'm out of all this snafu. Remind me to tell you what snafu means when I get home. . . ."

Snafu was a new word then, in the 1941 maneuvers. As new as your uniform. As new as the Army that was just beginning to stretch and grow and get wise to itself.

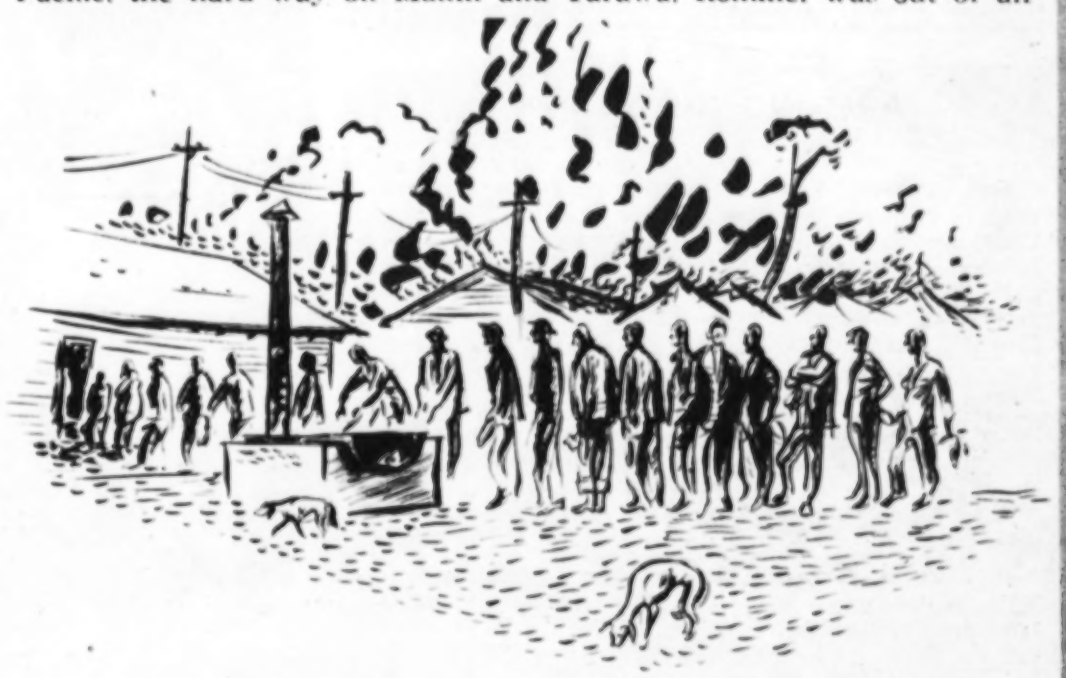
Before the next Thanksgiving you had heard Pearl Harbor boil out of the day-room radio. You had seen your Christmas furlough cut and had kissed good-bye to Wednesday afternoons off and shipped your civilian clothes home. By Thanksgiving 1942 you might have been in any one of a number of places very far from the Carolina maneuver area—waiting and training and training and waiting in Great Britain or Australia or Hawaii, holding a little piece of strange ground against the Japs on Guadalcanal, inching forward in North Africa.

Mostly you went without turkey. Your uniform was dirty but nobody chewed you out for it. The Army wasn't so new and snafu was a word that had been with you time out of mind.

You could be thankful, if you had time, that something had been started. You were past the war of posters and county-fair kisses bought with defense stamps, and into dirt and the slow, dirty business of winning.

You stayed in that business.

Thanksgiving 1943 saw you edging into the Jap domination of the Pacific, the hard way on Makin and Tarawa. Rommel was out of all



North Africa now. We were pushing up into Italy. Ragged newsboys in Persia, watching us truck supplies to the advancing Red Army, hollered "*Mussolini Fini!*"

Some places you even had turkey instead of the K rations, which had lost their novelty as quickly as the C rations you first bellyached about. Snafu was a word you could smile at again. It was a word the enemy was learning faster than you ever thought anyone could learn back in 1941.

There still isn't a hell of a lot of turkey going around this year, but you don't have to look in your mess kit to see who's winning. Any map will tell you. The increasing shrillness of the Axis radio will tell you.

It's a good feeling for Thanksgiving. It beats anything in a mess kit. It doesn't mean that everything is finished, but it does mean you can see the end, the end you sometimes wondered if you ever would see.

Maybe there will be another Thanksgiving of K rations, mess kits and dirt. Maybe there won't. Even if there is, it should be a good one. Surer and surer we're building to the Thanksgiving we griped at missing in 1941.

—Sgt. AL HINE

Paratroop Transfers. Additional information on the transfer of overseas men to the Paratroops reveals that the Central Pacific and Alaska Theaters of Operation do not have facilities for the training of Paratroops. Transfers can be made only in theaters which themselves have facilities for the training.

Superfuel. The Petroleum Administration for War has announced a new superfuel for fighting planes, ready to go into production as soon as military authorities give the green light. Developed by technologists of the U. S. petroleum industry, the new fuel will give planes a greater cruising range and full-throttle performance than the 100-octane aviation gas now used. However, since a barrel of crude oil will produce only half as much of the new fuel as of 100-octane gas, use of the superfuel will probably be limited to carrier-based planes and superfortresses.

Nazi Weather Station. An Air Forces officer reports that probably the last German weather station in Greenland was recently captured by U. S. forces. Three Nazi officers and nine men, along with much tactical, radio, scientific and ordnance equipment, were seized. Since the weather over Europe is determined by the weather over the North Atlantic, the Germans will be severely handicapped in their planning of operations as a result of the loss of this station. From now on they will have to base their weather predictions on what meager reports they are able to get from their long-range aircraft and submarines.

Washington OP

Dubbin. We quote a shining passage from a recent publication of the Quartermaster Corps: "Picture the smiles on GI faces when they get the latest word about shoes. Guys who've spent some of the best hours of their lives trying to see their faces in their toes, guys who've tried out every polish in the PX looking for one that'd take less elbow grease—all these guys can grin from ear to ear, for *the regulations say in plain English* that all you have to do is clean dub, and brush those brogans, not massage them within an inch of their life." . . . Dubbin is a lubricant issued both in this country and overseas as directed by the CO. It goes on shoes at least once a week in temperate places, at least twice a week for those in very wet or dry places, according to regulations. In some cases disciplinary action has been taken against men who have followed regulations, because the use of dubbin makes a high polish impossible. For those inspecting officers who still look for a high polish we quote again from the QM publication: "And anyone who doesn't believe any of this can look at *AR 615-40* [par. 13 *b* (4) *(c)* 3]. If they want to read some more, right from headquarters, tell 'em to take a gander at *Circular 182, WD, 1944.*"

—YANK Washington Bureau

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REQUIRED READING

Camp Ellis, Ill.—Last summer Pvt. Ralph A. Shiffman borrowed a book from Post Library No. 1. By the time the book was due, he'd been shipped to a camp in Kansas and the next month to one in Texas. All the while a reminder was following him. Finally the book came back to Post Library No. 1.

The title? "How To Develop a Good Memory" by Robert Nutt.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Fort Jackson, S. C.—Seven American Indians who have been assigned to the Special Training Unit here are all named Locklear. They're not related, even though they're all from Robeson County, N. C. They were all farmers and were sworn in the same day. Five came here from Camp Croft-and two from Fort Bragg. The seven Locklears have given names of Jasper, James A., Frank, Coy, Lacy, Clyde and John B.

Camp Breckinridge, Ky.—GIs serving under Sgt. Michael Lastousky always think kindly of the sergeant, they hope. Sgt. Lastousky performs mind-reading acts for soldier entertainment in camp.

U. S. Navy Receiving Station, San Pedro, Calif.—This station's publication, the *Beacon*, started running installments of Margaret Mitchell's "Gone With the Wind" as a gag. But Joe Schriefer CMM saw through it. At the rate of one-half page of "GWTW" per edition, he pointed out, it would take 2,680 weeks, or 51.3 years, to finish it. In registering his complaint, Chief Schriefer pointed out that he only has three years to do.

Alexandria AAF, La.—Most decorated airman at this field is T/Sgt. Leslie G. McCormic of Sumter, S. C., who wears nine ribbons and five Oak Leaf Clusters. A member of the famed 19th Bombardment Group, McCormic downed five Zeroes and participated in the battles of the Coral and Bismarck Seas.

Harlingen AAF, Tex.—Pvt. Jerome Pantzer can't wait until the end of the war for his education. Working on the night shift at this base, he has enrolled for a full first-year course at Edinburg (Tex.) Junior College. He is in the classroom from 8:30 A.M. to 3:45 P.M. daily and has to travel 108 miles a day for his studies.

Fort Benning, Ga.—Sgt. Walter Castle was quite proud when one of the unit papers gave him a write-up on his ability at horseshoes, and he sent it home. His wife wrote back: "So that's why you don't have time to write your good wife."

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.—Pfc. Angelo Gregoropoulos is tired of having the longest name in Camp Gordon Johnston's Headquarters Detachment, so he's getting it officially changed to Angelo Gregory. However, there's one thing he can't do much about. All of 5 feet 1 inch tall, he must remain the smallest man in his outfit.

Camp Wheeler, Ga.—According to the *Spoke*, there are GIs here who in civilian life held such jobs as pie bottomer, butter cutter and pigeon trainer. Then there's one who worked for an undertaker; he performed 62 embalmings, embalmed his boss, then went out of business.

Camp Barkeley, Tex.—For years Pvt. Wallace M. Perkins of Company C, 65th Medical Training Battalion, has wanted to punch tickets. In fact, he had the urge so badly that he worked three years as a brakeman on the Santa Fe Railroad so he could become a conductor and punch tickets. Finally on June 13 of this year he was promoted to conductor, but he never punched a single ticket. He was inducted two days later.

AT EASE ONE TIME

Lincoln AAF, Nebr.—The *Bomb Bay Messenger* reports that a second louey, whose bars were new and shiny, entered the main waiting room of the Burlington Station where a sign on a desk advised military personnel for Lincoln Army Air Field to report there. Stowing his luggage on a seat, he paced smartly over, executed the snappiest of snappy salutes and barked in the clear, audible tones of his training: "Sir, Officer Candidate Jones reports as ordered." The figure crouched behind the desk straightened up. "Very well, lieutenant," replied the clerk, who was a full corporal.

SWING SESSION. At Camp Butner, N. C., Pvt. Joe Horowitz, former golf pro, shows an overseas veteran how to clout the pill.

TWO YEARS. On Nov. 23, 1944, the SPARs were two years old. Nancy Loker S1c celebrates by swabbing East Orange (N. J.) recruiting office.

CAMP NEWS

Fatherhood by Photography

Sioux Falls AAF, S. Dak.—Pvt. Louis Marino of Charleston, W. Va., a student at the AAF Training Command Radio School, is engaged to a lovely miss in Geneva, Nebr., named Doris Miller. But Marino isn't sure any more that his inamorata is still his.

A three-column picture recently appeared in the Omaha *World Herald*, showing a loving wife, surrounded by six young children, all of them gazing fondly at an indistinguishable portrait of a soldier. Miss Miller saw this photo and started reading the description under the picture: "Pvt. Louis Marino, father of six small children. . . ."

A few days later Marino received the clipping from Doris with the accompanying note: "So this is why I haven't heard from you lately! Perhaps it's better that I found out this way. Return my picture. I'll return your bracelet!"

However, Pvt. Marino, the student, and Pvt. Marino, the productive father, are two entirely different characters. So the Pvt. Marino of this post set about frantically to convince his fiancee that it was all a case of mistaken identity.

SLIGHTED GI HAS HIS DAY

Lowry Field, Colo.—Pvt. Stephen K. Louie of San Francisco is a Chinese-American who is proud to be a member of the AAF and happy to have regained face with his friends of the Chinese Air Force, whom he serves as translator and interpreter. But Pvt. Louie was not always proud and happy. There was one black day when he was probably the most dejected soldier to wear the uniform of the AAF.

The Chinese ambassador to the U. S., Dr. Wei Tao-ming, was visiting Lowry Field to inspect the sky fighters of his country who are training here. All of the Chinese students were to be presented to him, and so was Louie, he thought.

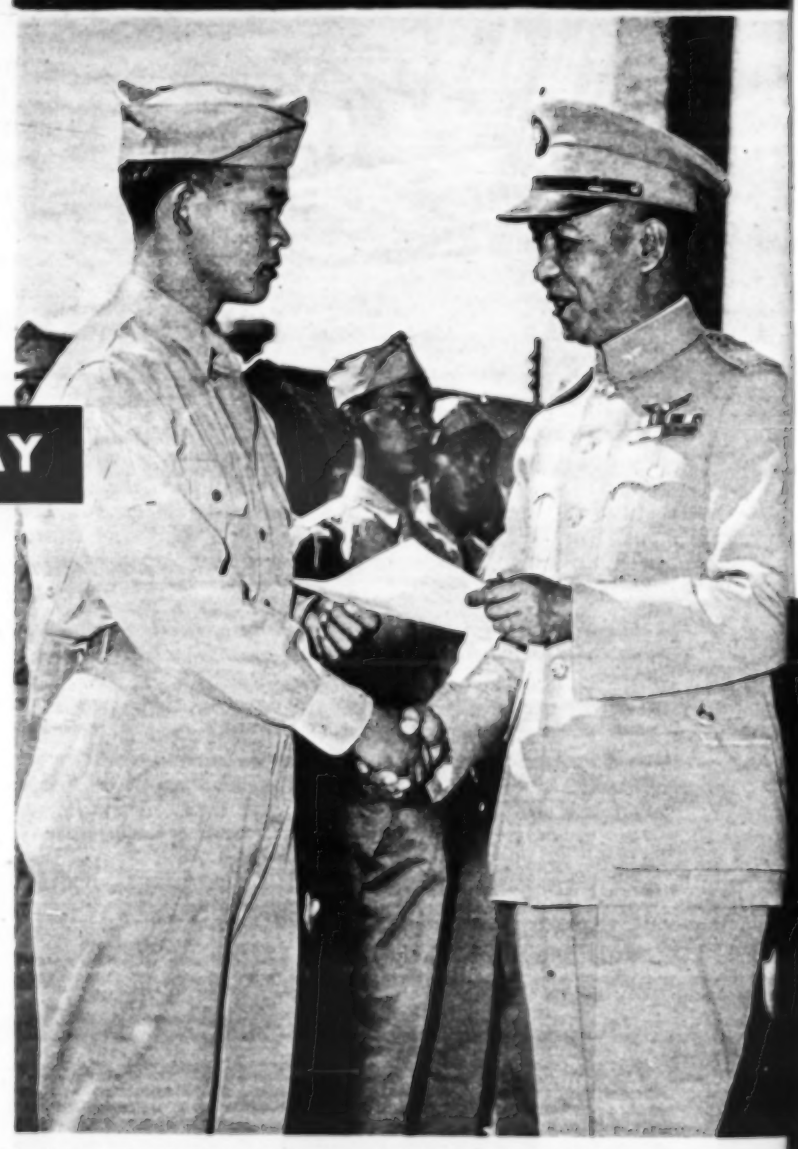
After Dr. Wei finished addressing the students, Louie stood with them waiting to hear his name called. But it was not called. Through some oversight, Dr. Wei left without Louie getting to meet him.

Pvt. Louie's Chinese friends didn't know why he had been slighted, but they felt there must have been a reason. Their attitude became cold and unfriendly.

The students talked it over among themselves and their conversation was overheard by an officer. He questioned them, learned their views and set about to correct the situation. An official commendation of Pvt. Louie was prepared by the American officers in charge of the technical schools attended by the Chinese students. It cited Louie's service as an interpreter, without which the training of the students would have been delayed.

Then Maj. Gen. P. T. Mow, commanding general of the Chinese Air Force, came to inspect the Chinese trainees at Lowry Field. The situation was explained to him and he expressed a desire to help Pvt. Louie regain face. At a formal review Gen. Mow had the young Chinese-American summoned before him. In the presence of the entire Chinese Air Force student body and several thousand American troops, the general read the official AAF commendation and added his thanks and his appreciation of the young soldier's service.

Pvt. Louie's joy was complete and his prestige enhanced when the general asked him to stand alongside him as the thousands of Chinese and American soldiers passed in review.



Maj. Gen. P. T. Mow commends Pvt. Stephen K. Louie.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY

Camp Barkeley, Tex.—Pfc. Oscar H. Morgan of C Company, 66th Battalion, was ordered to report to the dental clinic to have a tooth filled. He settled back tensely into the chair and waited for the expected pain. He heard the sound of the drill for a few seconds, but felt no pain. Investigation showed that the dentist had been drilling on Morgan's lower plate.

Party With a Parachute

Camp Maxey, Tex.—Pvt. Bernard J. Martin, a former paratrooper who is now with B Company, 1268th Combat Engineer Battalion, isn't one to celebrate his birthday by blowing out candles. It took four weeks and a lot of work to cut through all the red tape, but he finally got permission from the Civil Aeronautics Authority and all the brass for miles around to make a plunge from a plane over Weddington Field near Hugo, Okla., on his 23d birthday.

It wasn't Martin's first jump. As a paratrooper he had made 14 of them, but his 14th had not been so successful as it might have been. He was transferred out of the paratroopers as the result of the injuries he received.

However, Martin likes jumping, and that's why he bailed out of a tiny Piper Cub 3,500 feet above Weddington Field. Tom Mitchell, flying instructor at Weddington, furnished the plane, and now Martin hopes that he can get permission to make a jump every Sunday. —Cpl. DAVE DENKER

Little Woman Takes Over When Writer Goes GI

Keesler Field, Miss.—Before he entered the AAF in 1942 as a glider-pilot trainee, Pfc. Harlan Mendenhall earned his living writing mystery stories for the fact-detective magazines. Before that he was a reporter on the *Daily Oklahoman* at Oklahoma City.

But being in the Army left little time for Mendenhall to do any writing and certainly none to run around the country digging up material and pictures about murders. That's where Mendenhall's wife stepped into the picture. She was a good photographer. She'd studied journalism herself at the University of Oklahoma, where her husband was graduated in 1937.

Whenever a murder breaks in their territory, she gets the facts, takes the pictures to illustrate the story and then writes it—with the assistance, of course, of her husband, who helps her iron out the rough spots in his off-duty hours.

Mendenhall was reclassified in March 1943 when the glider program was greatly curtailed. He is now in the Film Strip Preparation Unit at Keesler Field, making training films for the AAF.

—Pfc. JACK R. BELL

Boy Meets Girl, Then Girl Replaces Boy

Camp Van Dorn, Miss.—Like something out of Hollywood, Pfc. Helen (Beard) Pagel relieved her husband, T-4 Louis Pagel, of his job in a QM warehouse on this post so he could be assigned to overseas duty.

It wasn't that she wanted to get rid of him. "I miss him very much," she said, "but if his going will get this thing over any sooner, I'm for it."

Helen is from Nashville, Tenn.; her husband from Thorpe, Wis. Their marriage was a camp romance. And Sgt. Pagel didn't talk shop and convince Helen that she ought to be a QM clerk, too; it just happened that way.

The fictioneering Mendenhalls and fiction.

The Holmes Happy Home-Made Washer in operation.

A-DAY IS CUE FOR TREATS

Stewart Field, N. Y.—With no word from his parents and three brothers on Luzon since before Pearl Harbor, Sgt. Clay (CQ) Quiocho was the happiest man here when the Yanks hit the Philippines. And he paid off a long-standing promise.

For two years CQ had been saying: "When we hit there, I'll set 'em up for everybody." The night the news came through he was at the Service Club paying off to a total of 224 beers—and serving them himself.

Two of his brothers have been in the Philippine Scouts for years, and he's certain they are with the guerrillas now, as well as his youngest brother—that is, if they are alive.

CQ was a teacher before he left the Islands several years before the war and went to Hawaii, where he edited a Filipino-American newspaper. Then he came to the States and worked as a movie projectionist, which gave him a handy MOS in the Army.

People mistake him for a Jap every once in a while. He's had to give up a candid-camera hobby on that account. And once a stew in St. Louis made the error while CQ had a beer bottle in his hand. "He'll be more careful next time he sees a little brown guy," says CQ.

—T/Sgt. ROBERT FUHRING

Inventive Soldier Solves The Laundry Problem

DeRidder AAF, La.—Cpl. Edward C. Holmes of the 22d Tactical Reconnaissance Squadron is the designer of a home-made washing machine that has solved the laundry problem for a lot of GIs at this base.

Long laundry waits and high prices prompted him to action. First he returned from furlough with an electric motor. Then he started a rummage hunt in the metal scrap piles for discarded steel. Toughest problem was the blade agitator, the machine's most important feature. After the right piece of steel for this purpose was found, a couple of buddies welded it into the required shape. Like a poor man's Edison, Holmes worked for 30 days on the machine in his spare time. But he feels the results were worth the effort.

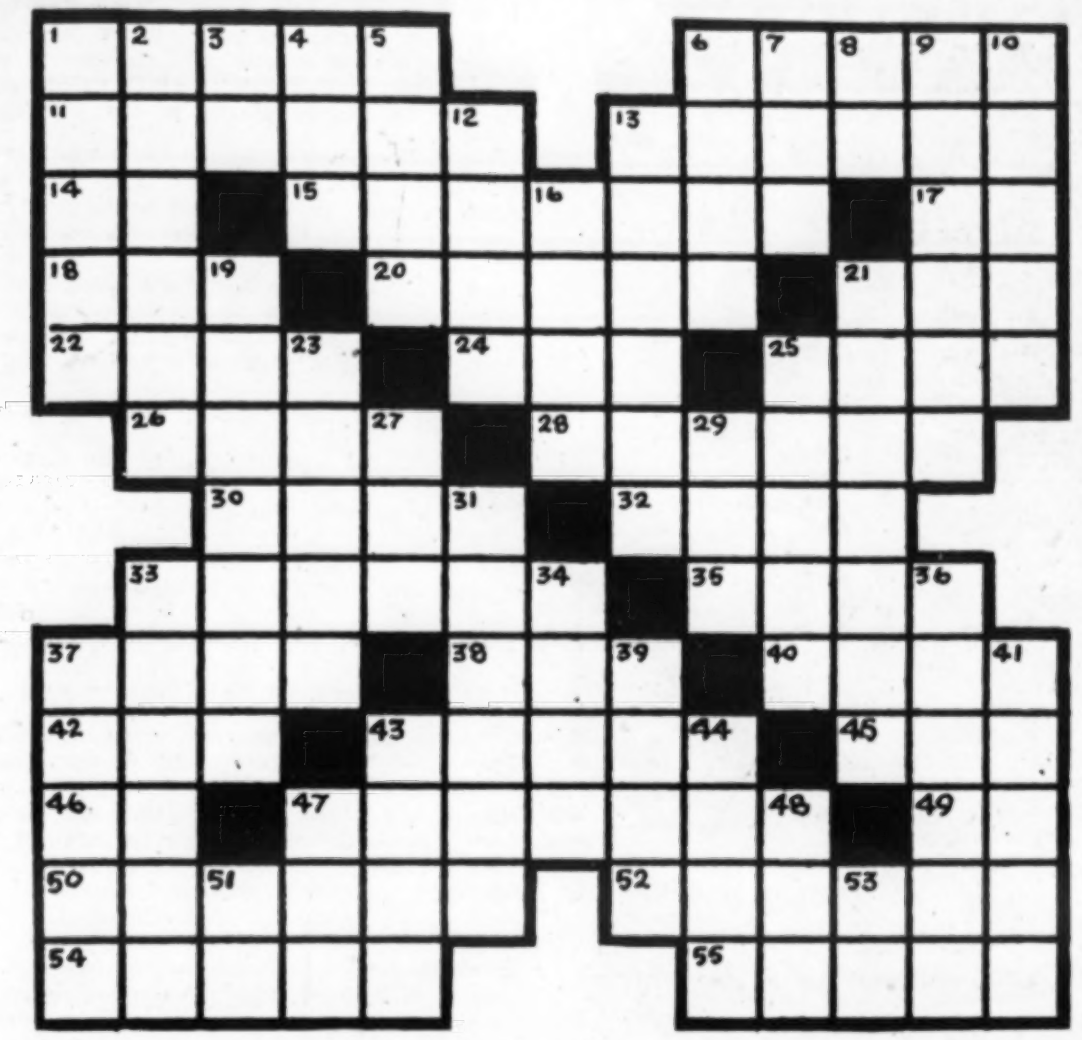
Two barracks consisting of 80 men use the super spot-eradicator, and it is estimated that the machine saves them $50 a week. Like great inventors before him, Holmes has given his machine to the masses on a gratis basis. He doesn't charge a dime for the use of his de luxe washer; his only demand is that it be kept clean.

Cpl. Holmes, who is an instrument specialist and hails from Durham, N. C., is quite the fair-haired boy of his barracks. Besides the washing machine, he rigged up an air-conditioning fan to take the sting out of hot nights.

—Pvt. ROBERT YEAGER

Lauren Bacall
YANK
Pin-up Girl

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Inning (slang)
6. Scottish lord
11. Lubricators
13. Restrain
14. In; by
15. Gymnastic apparatus
17. In the direction of
18. Haul
20. Tale
21. Sol
22. Sodium chloride
24. Football player
25. Steadfast
26. Italian coins
28. Intention
30. Self
32. David Copperfields's wife
33. Germinal principle
35. Persian fairy
37. Musical composition for two
38. Color of debt and danger
40. Transmitted
42. Hostelry
43. Kind of match
45. Owed
46. Public notice
47. Hesitates
49. Railroad
50. Deep gorge
52. More dull-witted
54. Periods of time
55. Gritty

DOWN

1. Colts
2. Ceremonial
3. Man's nickname
4. Encountered
5. Blunders
6. Indolent
7. Fermented liquor
8. Remember Clara Bow?
9. Come back
10. Male bee
12. Gratify fully
13. Driven together
16. Small lake
19. Shine
21. Sweetened
23. This is often Dutch
25. Begets
27. Shade tree
29. Dip in
31. Rod used to punish
33. Ice cream with stuff on it
34. Bird's home
36. Hardened
37. Daily record
39. Thing done
41. —— and the Pirates
43. Strikes out (slang)
44. God of love
47. Evergreen tree
48. Mineral spring
51. State
53. At home

LETTER DIVISION

We've taken a regular problem in long division and made a puzzle out of it. For each of the 10 digits (0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9) we have substituted a letter. There are plenty of clews.

Here's one tip on solving: In this puzzle A times P gives something ending in A. If you check through your multiplication tables, you'll see that P must be either 6 or some odd number, and if it is an odd number (other than 1, which can be quickly eliminated), then A must be 5.

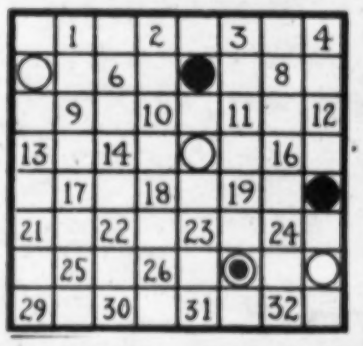
As soon as you've figured out the number that is represented by a letter, write in the number in the space beneath the letter, at every point where it occurs in the diagram.

```
          SATSS
    ------------
TOP) SERGEANT
     ENOR
     ----
      AESE
      GGTA
      ----
       PGPA
       PRPN
       ----
        EOON
        ENOR
        ----
         SWAT
         ENOR
         ----
          SNP
```

CHECKER STRATEGY

It's White's turn to move. How can he draw the game? There seems to be no way for White to save his man on square 15, which the Black King threatens to attack via square 18.

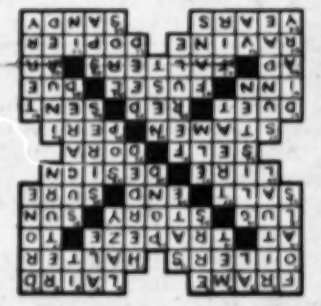
Play the White side (White is moving up the board) and see if you can maneuver a draw out of this position.



Before checking your analysis with the answer in the Solutions column on this page, number the playing squares on your checkerboard from 1 to 32 as shown in the diagram here, so you can keep track of your moves.

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CROSSWORD PUZZLE →



CHECKER STRATEGY. White moves 28 to 24—the only move to draw. Black king moves 27 to 23. . . . White moves 15 to 11. Black jumps 7 to 16. . . . White squeezes 24 to 19 and regains his man. The game is now a clean-cut draw. Of course, if Black had jumped 23 to 16, then White would have jumped 11 to 2—drawn!

LETTER DIVISION.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
R E S G A N P T O W

Message Center

PVT. EZRA T. BENSON, once CTD in Springfield, Mo.: write Pvt. Elwood D. Boosey, Sec. C, 3032d AAFBU (preflight School), SAAAB, Santa Ana, Calif. . . . Pvt. JAMES BERGER, once with the 407th AAA Gun. Bn., now overseas: write Pvt. Jose S. Garcia, Co. C, 1252d Engr. C Bn., Camp Swift, Tex. . . . M/Sgt. LEON BERUBE & M/Sgt. L. M. BURKUS, both formerly at APO 851: write M/Sgt. John A. Gallagher, Hq. Det., 90th IRTR, Camp Hood, Tex. . . . BILL BROMLEY of Rochester, last heard of in Air Force, and DAVID BROMLEY, last heard of at Signal Section, Mitchel Field: write T-5 David Schwendinger, 3163 Signal Serv. Co., Camp Edison, Fort Monmouth, N. J. . . . EDWARD L. DUNKELBERG Y2c of Brownsville, Tex., last heard of aboard a Navy mine sweeper: write Paul K. Alexander SKlc, USNR, Naval Air Station, South Weymouth, Mass. . . . Pfc. LESLIE FIELD, last heard of at Godman Field, Ky.: write Pfc Howard Doug, Sec. B, 2110 AAFBU, Bainbridge, Ga. . . . Pvt. I. E. FRANKLIN, in Flight LL, Hammer Field, Calif., Jan. 1944: write Pfc. William E. A. Reeder, Co. E, 36 S.T.B., ASFTC, Camp Crowder, Mo. . . . Cpl. FRED JOHNSON, formerly at Burlington, N. J.: write Sgt. J. F. McHale, 2117 AAFBU, Sec. A-1, Fort Myers, Fla. . . . Pfc. PAUL JONES, last heard of at Sheppard Field: write Pvt. Curtis Meeker, Sec. C-1, Laughlin Field, Del Rio, Tex. . . . S/Sgt. JOHN G. KOSTER, once in the 3d Armd. Div.: write Cpl. Gus Leonteos, 1st GSS, Cl. 44-38, Bks. 504, LAAF, Laredo, Tex. . . . Capt. JOHN K. (BUDDY) LEWIS JR., once at ARTC, Fort Knox, Ky.: write Sgt. D. B. Rinehart, Hq. Co., 49th AIB, APO 258, Camp Polk, La. . . . Lt. HOWARD LOBO, last heard of in England, 1944: write Pvt. David Lobo, Btry. B, 89th AAA Gun. Bn., Camp Stewart, Ga. . . . MILDRED MANSKER, joined WAC in June 1944 in Michigan: write Pvt. A. Pettimato, Co. B, 328 Engr. C Bn., APO 470, Camp Howze, Tex. . . . FRANK MEIER, last heard of at Fort Dix, N. J., awaiting embarkation: write your brother, Henry C. Meier AM1c, USNAS, Box B-4, Whidbey Island, Washington. . . . Pfc. PERCY MERRILL, once with 304th Signal Operations, Co. A, last heard of in Leesville, La.: write Cpl. Robert D. Beavers, Hq. & Hq. Sq., 24th A. D. Gp., Kelly Field, Tex. . . . VIRGINIA MITCHELL, ANC, last heard of at Santa Ana, Calif.: write A/C A. C. James, Class 7-4-44 PC c/o. Flight Bldg. 679, USNATC, Pensacola, Fla. . . . FREDERIC NELSON, with an Engr. Regt., at Ford Ord, Calif. in June 1943: write Pvt. Thomas McCormick, 928 Gd. Sq., Camp Kearns, Utah. . . . Pvt. EARL LEON O'DELL, last heard of at APO 947, Seattle, Wash.: write Sgt. Thomas Goodson, 3d AARTC, Cas. Bn., Camp Stewart, Ga. . . . Cpl. O'GRADY, once at Camp Bowie, Tex.: write Lt. James T. Campanella, Serv. Btry., 302d FA Bn., APO 76, Camp McCoy, Wis. . . . Pvt. FRANCIS OSUAHOWSKI, once at Fort Benning, Ga., last heard of at APO 252: write Pvt. John K. Crane, Co. D, 87th Inf. Regt., APO 345, Camp Swift, Tex. . . . Cpl. JOSEPH PARK, last heard of with AAFTTC, Miami Beach, Fla.: write Sgt. Charles Weddle, 3035 AAF BU, Sec. C-5, VAAF, Victorville, Calif. . . . Pvt. VAUGHN PIERCE, last heard of at Co. I, 9th Gp., 3d Regt., Camp Reynolds, Greenville, Pa.: write Pfc. Yearl Schwartz, Co. E, 271st Inf., APO 417, Camp Shelby, Miss. . . . Sgt. JOHN PISH, last heard from at Barksdale Field, La., in 1942: write Walter Butchkowski, USCG, HRPE, N. N. Command, Newport News, Va. . . . Pvt. JULIE K. PULLMAN, once at Camp Grant, Ill.: write Pvt. Robert Graham, Hq. & Hq. Co., 2d STR, Fort Benning Ga. . . . Cpl. RAY: write Pvt. E. Kurowski, Hq. 1st Bn., 174th Inf., Camp Chaffee, Ark. . . . Cpl. EARLE REESER, last heard of at Camp Houston, Tex.: write Pvt. W. D. Sanders, AT Co., 242 Inf. APO 411, Camp Gruber, Okla. . . . RUSSELL E. ROBBINS, formerly of 726 Ord. Div., Selfridge Field, Mich.: write T/Sgt. Charles M. Elles, 2130 Base Unit, Sec. C-7, MAAB, Marianna, Fla. . . . BEN G. ROLLAND of Corbin, Ky., at Fort Thomas, Ky., in January 1944: write Pvt. Dan Peters, Hq. Co. 3d Bn., 354th Inf., APO 89, Camp Butner, N. C. . . . Pfc. RUFINO SANTANA, formerly in Puerto Rico, now somewhere in U.S. with a Puerto Rican Inf. unit: write your brother, Cpl. Ramon Santana, Btry. B, 817th AAA AW Bn., Fort Bliss, Tex. . . . WILEY H. SHOAF CCM, formerly at G.S. Area D-8, Camp Peary, Va.: write Pfc. R. B. Jimenez, Box 2858, Crew #6871, c/o Commandant of Crews, AAF, Dyersburg, Tenn. . . . Sgt. RAY SOUTHWORTH, once at Fort Warren, Wyo.: write Sgt. Jack Wiegand, 636th QM Co., Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla. . . . EDDIE (BOSTON) SPRAGUE, formerly of Blakenly's Ranch House, Detroit, Mich.: write Pvt. Bruce W. (Mac) McAllister, 423 AFBU, AAF, Walla Walla, Wash. . . . S/Sgt. ARTHUR D. ST. ONGE, formerly of Lincoln, Nebr.: write S/Sgt. Irwin L. Coufal, Sec. B, AAF, Amarillo, Tex. . . . M/Sgt. SHELDON STAMPER of the Ordnance, once at Camp Polk, La.: write Pfc. Ralph Hornecker, Co. B, 53 A Engr. Bn., APO 258, Camp Polk, La. . . . Lt. Col. WILLIS S. WELLS, last heard of in Fort Lewis, Wash.: write S/Sgt. Joe Gage, 1467 Engr. Maint. Co., Camp Swift, Tex. . . . Lt. WILLIAMS, write S/Sgt. Elmer O. Camblin, Co. C, 1372 Engr. C Bn., Camp Carson, Colo. . . . Anyone having information concerning PAUL S. YORKSTON, USNR: write Pvt. Lois M. Ambrose, WAC Recruiting Serv., Hazleton, Pa.

THE hottest thing to hit California since the San Francisco fire is the confident young thing you see at left. She is 20-year-old Lauren Bacall who exuded so much pure, unadulterated sex in her first movie for Warner Bros. ("To Have and Have Not") that she was immediately compared with Jean Harlow or Greta Garbo or Veronica Lake or Mae West or Marlene Dietrich—and sometimes all five of them. Whew! Whew!

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you are a YANK subscriber and have changed your address, use this coupon together with the mailing address on your latest YANK to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

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Fidak's eyes bulge but he cannot speak

The Vengeance of Ralph Nubbitt

AFTER 28 months in, this harmless guy, Pfc. Ralph Nubbitt, starts acting a little nasty.

I didn't think much about it at the time, but one day I am standing on the barracks steps with Mike Fidak, and a platoon goes by in the company street. A buck corporal is in charge, so naturally Mike and I holler out, "To the rear, march!" "Eyes, right!" "Left flank, march!" and other things just for the laugh. Then I see Nubbitt give us a funny look and write something down in a little book.

Then one night I'm coming back from Santa Sardino, and there's some guys in the back of the bus giving out with that song that goes, "They say the food in the Army is really mighty fine," and ends with, "Gee, Mom, I want to go home!" I'm getting a kick out of watching a couple of recruit nurses laughing their heads off at the song when I see this Nubbitt looking over the guys who are singing and writing down a lot of stuff in his little book.

I began watching Nubbitt after that. One day in the mess hall Johnnie Spae, the DRO, is dancing around with the broom making believe it's a dame. Joe Rush, one of the cooks, calls out from the kitchen, "Hey, Johnnie, whatcha bucking for? A Section 8?" I see this Nubbitt give Joe Rush one of them cool, appraising kind of looks and write something in the book. All of a sudden it comes to me. This Nubbitt is writing down names in that book!

By now I'm following Nubbitt around and watching him. Sure enough, I catch him at it again. Lindeman, the top sergeant, is telling Pinelli to pull his truck off the road near the supply room. "Whatsamatta, Pinelli?" he says. "You getting nervous in the service?" I look over at Nubbitt, and he's looking at the top and writing in the book. I laugh out loud. He's got the top in that book, I say to myself; he's got City Hall himself in the book now.

The next day is the pay-off. Up on the bulletin board is a list of the guys whose medical records are missing. They are to report to the dispensary for tetanus and typhoid shots. The names on the list are Fidak, me, the guys who were singing on the bus, Joe Rush and the top.

I went down to the dispensary, and this Nubbitt is actually smiling; he's smiling satisfied like. When it comes my turn, I see Mike Fidak hopping around the room, moaning and holding his arm. Nubbitt grabs me by the arm and gets ready to shove the needle into me. I notice the needle, and all the other needles, is all burred, and on the point there's a kind of a hook. "Hey, Nubbitt," I holler, "you're not going to shove that thing into me?" "Just stand still, O'Houlihan," he snarls back. "I do the thinking around here." With that he shoves the needle into me. And then another one. See those little curved white scars underneath my vaccination? Well, that's where that animal rammed those bolos into me.

But those hypos aren't tetanus or typhoid, see? It's a kind of serum this Nubbitt perfects that swells up a man's vocal chords something fierce and makes him mute as a mackerel. Well, then, the reports begin to flow in.

Fidak, big, hungry Polack, ex-steelworker, gets his at the table at evening chow. They offer him seconds on lamb chops, and Fidak's eyes bulge but he cannot speak. The cords in his neck strain but all that comes out is a feeble, uncanny little bleat. The rest of the table immediately interpret this as a *no*. Fidak's eyes cross and he sinks back limp on his seat. Even so, he gets away lucky at that.

Next comes me, Bedroom-Boy O'Houlihan, as I am known in this battery. I get a phone call from a gal in town. She says she is throwing one of those intimate little parties, and would I come? Would I come! I start to purr into the mouthpiece, but all that comes out is a ghastly, grating sound. She says: "Something wrong with the phone, Hooley dear?" Again I try and again the grating comes out. I hang up and stagger out of the booth and roll around on the ground.

Now about those five guys—the singers. They loused themselves all up over at the Service Club. It was one of those amateur nights, and they got up to sing some harmony. Well, at first the audience thinks it's a gag, but when these five birds keep making with the strangling grunts everybody hollers: "Sit down, you bums" and "Bring on the imitations." Then some guys from C Battery call out: "B Battery stinks; sit down." The singers make hoarse grunting noises and try to rush the wise guys. The hostess and all the other gals are pretty scared at all these wild sounds and shenanigans before the singers are finally heaved out.

Then comes poor old Joe Rush. The battery clerk asks him if he wants to leave Monday on a furlough, and Joe can't talk. The clerk walks away, and Joe Rush picks up a cleaver and buries it in the meat block. Damned near split it, too.

But the top! Oh, the top! At a battalion review, old B Battery is stepping along like a bunch of sugarfeet, and as they pass the colonel and his staff the top tries to give "Eyes, right." But only a little moan comes out of the top's mouth, and B Battery marches past the colonel with heads and eyes to the front. The colonel was mad as hell, and we don't know to this day what ever became of the top.

Well, we couldn't talk for a whole week, but after that our voices come back, and we go prowling for Nubbitt. And Nubbitt? He took off for OCS, Chemical Warfare Service School.

Camp Atterbury, Ind. —Pfc. RAYMOND BOYLE

VETERAN IN A CORNER BOOTH

"That shoulder loop?" he said. "A fourragère:
The First Division fought in Africa,
You know, and France (Free France) awarded us
Her highest battle honor. Now I'm home;
The fitful dream is over. Were we brave?
They called us brave and decorated us
For heroes, yet I say we left the brave
Behind in lonely places in the desert.

"Hill 609 was where the German strength
Gathered and coiled itself and then lashed out
Against us. They attacked with everything
They had; in thunderous haste, roaring with fire
And iron through our torn defensive lines,
While thirty-seven shells like rubber balls
Bounced off their armor plate. So we fell back
And back. Our gunfire scorched the earth for miles
Until at last we stopped them with our hands.

"Let's talk of something else. It hurts inside
For me to think of such things. For my part
I'm sick of war and I've come home to rest.
Don't ask me what the different ribbons mean.
Let me forget, for every campaign costs
A man the buddies who have shared their chow
And blankets with him. If these ribbons wore
Their battle stars, they'd have more than the flag
Itself; in every battle comrades fell.

"This is Tunisia; several mustered out
The hard way there, and I was almost with them.
An eighty-eight blast lifted me, a-whoomph!
And I was thrown for yards against a tree.
Two buddies grabbed me as I ran bat-blind
Straight for the front, for I was wild with pain
And shock. One of them said: 'It's Jim. He's found
Himself *some vino* and he's drunk again!'
Queer how I should remember what he said;
Later that day a Mark Four ran him down.

"The other's name was Kelly. That same night
Someone saw Kelly by the ghostly flare
Of bursting shells, asleep upon the sand,
Red with his own life's blood and strangely still;
And on his wrist a silver braclet gleamed—
The one that he had shown us, with his name
Above a heart and, underneath, these words:—
'Lay off this guy; he's mine.' All that is just
One ribbon.

"Now I'm all torn up inside
And furloughed home, the curious crowd about
Poking their thoughts into the peace I prayed for
There on the battlefields. Leave me alone.
That's all I want, just to be left alone.
I'm sick of war and I've come home to rest."

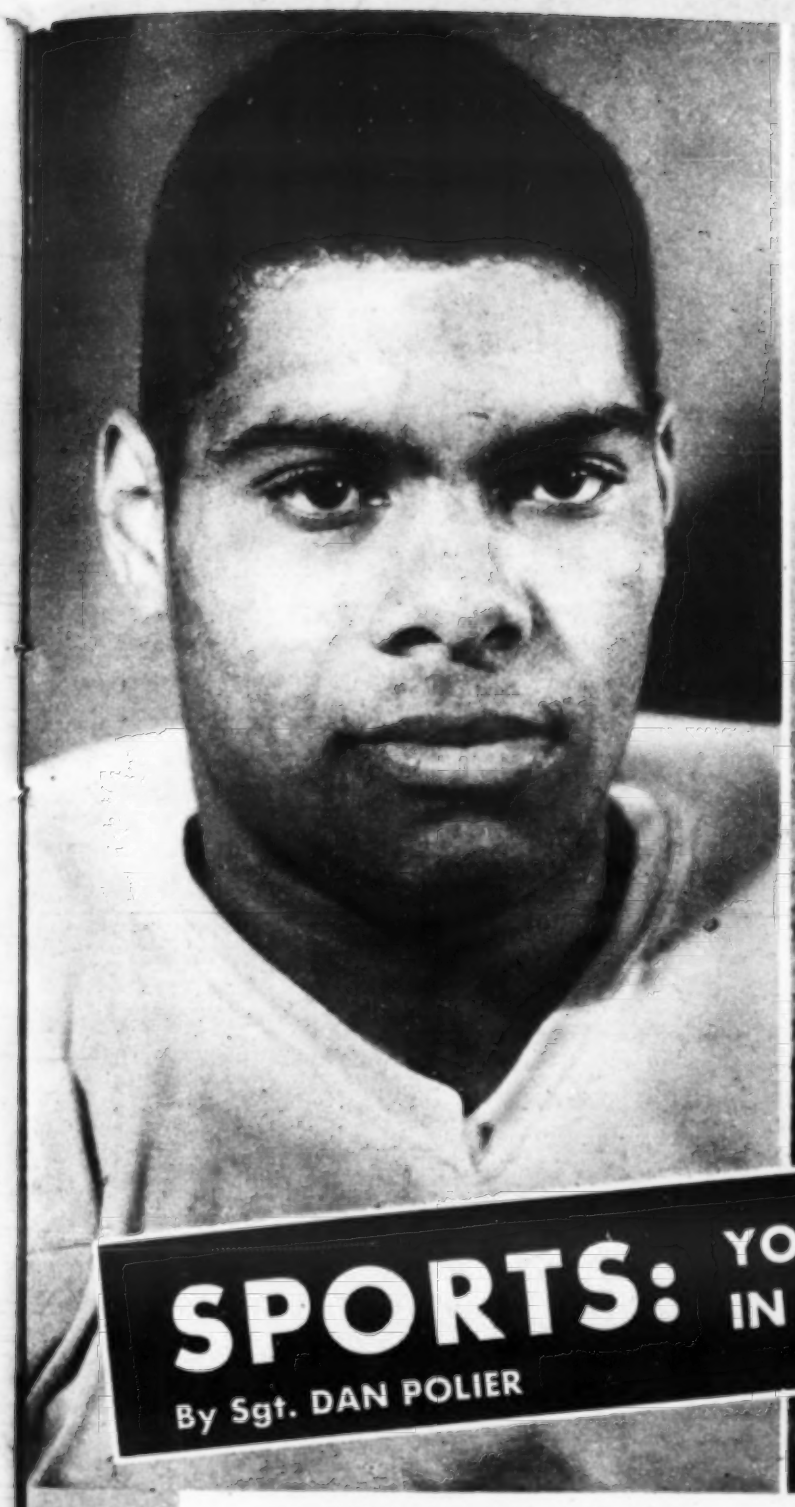
Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md. —O/C A. L. CROUCH

"Well, it looks like Schnall's discharge finally came through." —Pvt. Johnny Bryson, Amarillo, Tex.

TOBACCO THROWED

I flipped a cigarette into the air;
It fell to earth, I know not where.
The CO saw the scene depicted—
That is why I'm now restricted!

Inglewood AAF, Calif. —Sgt. SHELBY FRIEDMAN



SPORTS: YOUNG ROBESON FOLLOWS IN HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

Paul Robeson Jr., Cornell, 1944.

Paul Robeson Sr., Rutgers, 1918.

IT may be observed from history that father-and-son combinations never quite work out in sports. Many a son of a famed athletic father has acquired a busted skull or an inferiority complex because of his inability to duplicate the feats of the old man. Young Bob Fitzsimmons couldn't fight well, knew it and quit. Bobby Britton, son of the great Jack, was only a moderate success as a club fighter.

Walter Johnson Jr. showed exceptional promise as a high-school pitcher, but when he came up to the Athletics he couldn't strike out Connie Mack. Ed Walsh Jr. was mediocre, at best, with his father's old team, the White Sox. Jim Bagby Jr. admittedly has rare pitching talent, but he also has an incurable talent for fighting with managers. Ty Cobb Jr. almost broke his father's heart when he turned out to be a tennis player.

There's at least one exception—Paul Robeson Jr., son of the Negro singer and actor and Rutgers All-American end. Like his father, young Robeson is an end, playing for Cornell's Big Red this fall. Only 16, he weighs 180 pounds and stands 5 feet 11. So far he hasn't shown any ill effects from his parentage. He seems perfectly able to do everything a good football player should do without apologizing for it. He place-kicks, kicks off, carries the ball on Carl Snavely's end-around ruse, catches passes and blocks and tackles with the authority of a young Nagurski. About the only thing he lacks is been-there experience.

Mr. Snavely, who isn't exactly an optimist, believes young Robeson will become a star, as great as his father or Brud Holland, Cornell's legendary Negro hero. Right now, Paul Jr. is faster than either Holland or Robeson Sr. Holland, who supposedly was born for the sole purpose of carrying the ball on Mr. Snavely's pet end-around, never swept a flank with more hip weaving, blazing speed than does young Robeson. After the Yale game, Coach Howie O'Dell admitted he was scared silly every time Robeson got his hands on the ball. "I knew if he once got started, we'd never catch him. He can outsprint any man on my team."

What makes Robeson something special, apart from his heritage, is the fact that he never saw a football until four years ago. Most of his childhood was spent in Russia and England while his father was touring the Continent. He came to this country with only a hearsay knowledge of football. But in four years he not only learned to play the game as if he had invented it, but he turned out to be an all-around sports genius.

At Springfield (Mass.) Technical High School he earned letters in basketball, baseball, track and football. (His father was a four letterman at Rutgers.) Although young Paul admits to playing baseball very poorly, he is a powerful hitter and a greyhound on the bases. Next to football, track is his specialty. Last July in the National AAU high jump he placed third, jumping 6 feet 4 inches. When he was 15 he broke the Eastern high-school high jump record with a 6-foot-5 leap. One amazed official asked him what style he used, the western roll or scissors. Robeson calmly told him that he never had a lesson in high jumping. He said he had read up on both styles, thought they both had merit and worked them into his own style.

ACCORDING to his closest friend, Robeson Sr.'s one big desire was to have his son play end. This may or may not have been the reason Carl Snavely moved Paul Jr. from fullback to end this fall. In high school he was a fullback and made the All-State team two years straight. At least one college scout, Milt Pupil of Dartmouth, said Robeson was potentially one of the greatest fullbacks he ever looked at. The elder Robeson was flattered but not impressed by this compliment. He turned down Dartmouth's scholarship offer, also one from Purdue, and sent the boy to Snavely. His reason was that Cornell offered the best electrical engineering course.

Actually Robeson Sr. has had little to do with the youngster's football career. He is much too busy with the theater and concert stage. He gave Paul Jr. pointers on blocking and tackling while the boy was in high school, but hasn't seen him play in a college game. "My father knows how to read my mind," young Robeson says. "He can tell what I'm thinking about when I go through with a play, and he can analyze my faults."

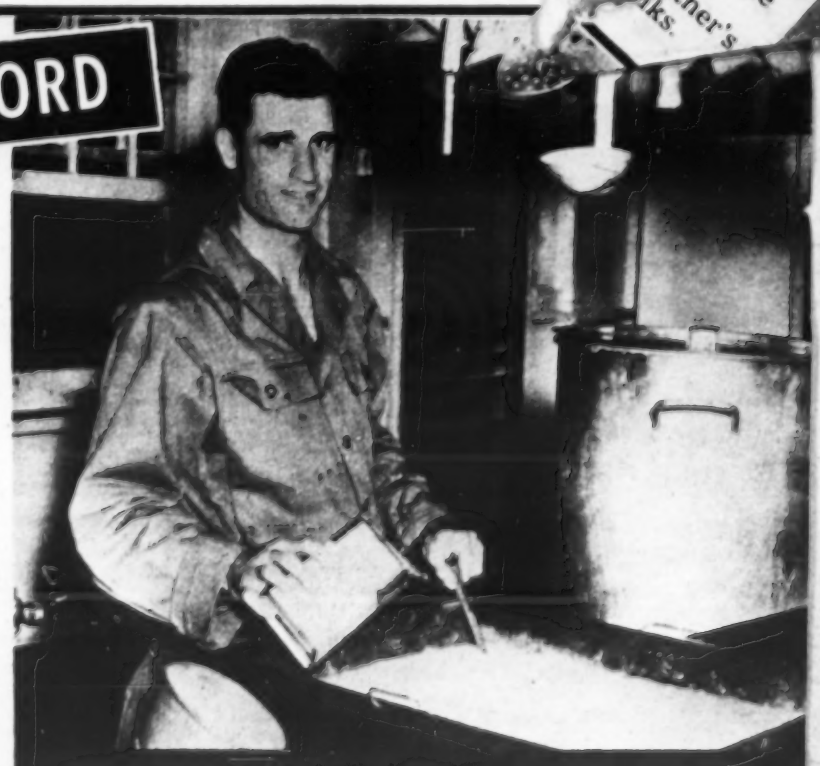
The resemblance between the two Robesons is amazing. Paul Jr. is better looking despite the fact he wears glasses almost constantly off the football field. He is farsighted, but his eyes haven't been a handicap at catching passes or flying a plane. At 15 he was the youngest licensed pilot in Connecticut. Like his father, who was a Phi Beta Kappa, Paul Jr. is an excellent student. He was valedictorian at high school and is n among the top of his freshman class speaks six languages, Russian flawlessly

About the only thing he lacks is his f voice. Little Othello can't sing. He cro

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

NAVY'S football team will pack more dynamite than ever next year. Already lined up for Annapolis entrance are **Tony Minisi,** Penn's southpaw passer; **Hunchy Hoernschmeyer,** Indiana's triple-threater; **Shorty McWilliams,** Mississippi's 175-pound tailback sensation, and possibly **Bob Kelly,** Notre Dame's All-American backfield candidate. . . . There's a sailor in Hawaii—a coxswain—masquerading as the jockey who rode two Kentucky Derby winners, Behave Yourself, in 1921 and Bubbling Over, in 1926. Get wise, chum. A guy named **Albert Johnson** rode Bubbling Over and **Charlie Thompson** had a leg up on Behave Yourself. . . . **Pvt. Pete Reiser,** former Dodgers' outfielder, and **Pvt. Linus Frey,** former Cincinnati second baseman, plan to buy a chain of minor-league baseball teams after the war and stock them with returning servicemen. The backing will come from an oil-rich Texas angel. . . . **Pvt. Aaron Perry,** the kid lightweight sensation now at Camp McClellan, Ala., likes the Army so much he will re-enlist.

Killed in action: **Cpl. Art Keller,** catcher last year with the St. Louis Browns and Toledo; **Maj. Bill Gillis,** 1940 West Point center and captain; **Lt. Dick Sieck,** star tackle at North Carolina in 1940-41, all in France. . . . *Wounded in action:* **Lt. Abe Shires,** tackle on Tennessee's Rose, Sugar and Orange Bowl teams; **Maj. James Gaffney,** 1936 Harvard guard and captain, both in France. . . . *Transferred:* **Comdr. Jack Dempsey,** one-time heavyweight champ, from temporary duty in ETO to Manhattan Beach (N. Y.) Coast Guard Station; **Pfc. Bill Veeck,** owner of the Milwaukee Brewers, from Bougainville to Oakland (Calif.) Naval Hospital for treatment on his ankle. . . . *Discharged:* **Van Lingle Mungo,** New York Giants' fireballer, from Army because of knee injuries; **Peanuts Lowrey,** Cubs' outfielder who hit .292 in '43, from Army because of knee injuries. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Daffy Dean,** younger half of famous "Me and Paul" pitching combination; **Charley Parker,** 18-year-old national sprint champion from Fort Worth, Tex.; **Roy Partee,** Boston Red Sox catcher, all by the Army.



MOST VALUABLE. Pvt. Bobby Doerr, winner of the American League's most-valuable-player award for 1944, proves himself pretty valuable to the Army, too, in a kitchen at Camp Roberts, Calif.

"WHAT COUNTRY IS THIS?"

—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell

"NURSES, WACS, RED CROSS GIRLS — A MAN CAN'T LEAVE HIS TENT WITHOUT HIS PANTS THESE DAYS!"

—Sgt. Ozzie St. George

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

"HE'S DESCRIBING HIS DAUGHTER TO JOE."

—Cpl. Robert Bugg

"THAT LAST ONE WAS DAMNED CLOSE."

—Sgt. Roy Doty

"OH, I THOUGHT YOU KNEW — I'M AWOL!"

—Pvt. Thomas Flannery

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